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The Week

DURING the next few weeks a critical international problem will present itself for solution which will put the Genoa Conference to a severe and perhaps a final test. At the end of May the German government will cease the temporary gold payments which she recently agreed to make. She is, so she insists, physically unable to continue them. Her refusal will place her in flagrant default both under the Treaty of Versailles and under the London agreement of last spring. The question is: what action will the other signatories to the Treaty take to cure the default? If Germany's creditors decide to coerce the defaulter into making further payments in gold, they will, according to the German accounts, utterly paralyze German industry. On the other hand, if the French government is unable to obtain some of the gold which it needs to balance its budget, its own serious financial problem will become very much more burdensome. Yet the German experts assert the impossibility of any further payments in gold without an international loan; and an international loan is impossible unless the reparation liabilities of Germany are scaled down. The action which France and Great Britain take to extort additional payments or to exact the penalties for default will have a decisive effect on the economic and political future of Europe. It will be of sufficient importance either to nullify or enormously to help any measures of reconstruction upon which the Conference may agree. All this is obvious; but the Conference is prohibited from discussing the matter. In our opinion the Conference must either override this prohibition or else abandon the chance of accomplishing by its deliberations any immediately beneficial results.

THE Soviet representatives at Genoa are proving themselves good merchants. Before they left Moscow Lenin, in one of his characteristically frank speeches, expressed the fear that they would be hopelessly outclassed in bargaining skill by the Western diplomats. It was likely to be a case of simple peasant versus town sharper, Lenin thought. And a similar idea prevailed among the Western peoples. The Russian representatives, it was thought, would be willing to assume the Tsarist debts, abandon most of what remained of communistic institutions, accept a scheme of mixed courts savouring of the Levantine capitularies, merely in exchange for a qualified and conditional recognition and the admission of Russia to world trade. It now appears that the abilities of Chicherin and his colleagues were greatly underestimated. In their treaty with Germany they got certainly full value for what they gave. Whatever odium attached to that negotiation fell to Germany. Nobody proposes to inflict any penalties on the Russians for signing the treaty. On the contrary, it appears to be generally recognized that their position has been strengthened by it, and that they must accordingly be given more consideration in later negotiations.

WITH regard to the old Russian debts, public and private, the Soviet representatives stand ready to validate them, but only in return for a suitable con-

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sideration. And what that consideration will have to be is clearly enough indicated in the rumors of colossal loans demanded by the Russians. They are not mad enough to expect the Allies to raise for them any such sum as two billion dollars. But they are pretty certain to insist on a loan of considerable magnitude—perhaps some hundreds of millions. With such a loan it would be possible to repair some of the more important railways and get export production under way. No very colossal sum ought to be required to tap the Baku oil resources and the grain production of the Volga. Bona fide assumption of all the old Russian debts would represent a heavy premium to pay for a loan, but just now the European governments are not in a position to emphasize bona fides very strongly in matters of debts between nations. Russia will be required to promise to pay sometime, and no doubt will pay something, sometime, if she is drawn back into the circle of world production and trade.

MOST Americans no doubt still believe that the word of the Soviet government is absolutely worthless, and that no country will run the risk of extending credit to it. The risk is undoubtedly considerable. But so also are the possible gains. Consider England's stake in restoring Russian wheat exports. So long as England has to draw her wheat supplies from the United States and Canada bread will be dear. Moreover, with the United States turning to higher protection, it will be increasingly difficult to pay for imports from America. When Russia has wheat for export, England will not have the least difficulty in finding means of payment. British industrial products will be in constant demand in Russia, especially if American industry holds aloof for a number of years, as it is likely to do, leaving a free field to the British and Germans.

NOTHING evidently will come out of the present Congress except a new tariff and, in all probability, some form of bonus for the veterans of the war. Both of these measures will sooner or later tax the people of the United States for the benefit of certain classes of individuals and interests; and both are deplorable examples of the creation or the increase of privilege at a time of a diminishing economic surplus and an intensified struggle for economic well-being among different groups of debtors and wage-earners. Both belong to a type of legislation which was natural enough in a community of pioneers which was engaged in dividing up among individuals and classes the profits that accrued from the economic development of a vast and rich continent, but both will strain the economic resources and social cohesion of a community which no longer possesses such a huge margin to distribute. Yet these two measures will pass with only a little opposition. The politicians consider them to be politically necessary. With the exception of a handful of representatives and senators, there is at present no effective progressive conviction in Washington. Effective progressivism cannot exist without some understanding of political and economic tendencies and some disposition to modify them in the interest of the liberation and welfare of a larger number of people. No such understanding and no such disposition exist in Congress. In so far as it exists in public opinion, it is not focussed upon any common idea about what is the matter or any program for the future. The country is passing through a phase of intellectual and moral lethargy which gives the dominant special interests a rare opportunity for making hay.

THERE are two prominent members of the former Progressive party who are now asking Republican voters to nominate them for important offices. One is Mr. Gifford Pinchot, who is putting up a spirited campaign in the Pennsylvania primaries for the gubernatorial nomination. The other is Mr. Albert Beveridge, who is trying to substitute himself for Mr. New as Senator from Indiana. The nomination both of Mr. Pinchot and Mr. Beveridge over their opponents is highly desirable, and the main fact that they are running with some chance of success is, so far as it goes, an encouraging political development. But their appearance in active politics is not an indication of a revival of progressivism. They are both asking for support on their personal records as independent and trustworthy political leaders rather than as leaders who, if they are elected, can use their power to put into effect a progressive economic and political platform. Such a platform either does not exist, or in so far as it exists, is lacking in general popular support. Economic liberalism or radicalism has no foothold in any one of the existing political parties and will not have during the remainder of the present year. But we still hope that before the next Presidential campaign there will be a progressive revival.

IN spite of the attack upon unionism which so many employers' associations have carried on recently, there is one industry in which it prevails and occupies an important function in the government of the industry. The Amalgamated Clothing Workers, after having recently renewed their agreement with the Chicago manufacturers, succeeded last week in closing an arrangement along similar lines with the Clothiers' Exchange of Rochester. The new arrangement provides for a renewal of all the rights which the workers gained

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and the responsibilities which they assumed under the old. But there are two important changes. Wages are reduced an average of 13½ percent, which is the first reduction of wage-rates in the Rochester clothing market. The new agreement also contains a provision similar to the one which, as we pointed out last week, introduced a significant innovation into the Chicago agreement. Both sides may, after giving specified notice, ask for a change in wage levels either in May, 1923, or May, 1924, and the union may at the same time ask for the establishment of an unemployment insurance fund. If the Amalgamated Clothing Workers can, in the course of time and as the result of collective bargaining, induce the clothing manufacturers to set up voluntarily a system of unemployment insurance, they will have brought about by consent the recognition by one group of employers of a responsibility which may become of the utmost importance for the welfare of the American wage-earner.

The Meaning of the Russo-German Treaty

MR. HERBERT SIDEBOTHAM, an English correspondent who enjoys the confidence of the British Prime Minister, declares that in his opinion "the influence of the Russo-German Treaty will not be unwholesome." Disinterested American opinion may well agree with him. If Mr. Lloyd George's object in calling the Genoa Conference was the breaking down of the obstacles which block European appeasement, the Russo-German Treaty should help rather than hinder. Before the Conference assembled it looked as if the French Foreign Office might succeed in using it to perpetuate the political and economic isolation of Germany and as if the Russian and the English might come to regard their acquiescence in this policy as the easiest way out of their own immediate difficulties. The Russo-German Treaty has removed this danger. The present Russian government will not participate in such a conspiracy against the future peace of Europe, and British behavior, since its announcement, indicates that Great Britain also, in spite of the extent to which her policy is still dictated by French susceptibilities, shares the scruples of the Russians. The Treaty stands. The neutrals welcome it and both Great Britain and Italy are, so it appears, benevolently submissive. Germany is permitted to try and protect herself against an indefinite prolongation of the existing subordination of every other object of European politics to the execution of the judgment against her.

The pro-French interest has interpreted the Treaty as an instrument inimical to the future peace of Europe and subversive of the main object of the Genoa Conference. But in spite of the nominal punishment inflicted on the Germans for signing it, it may well prove to be a practical and necessary step towards European reunion. Europe emerged from the war subject to the complete military domination of the victorious Allies. Manifestly the military dictatorship of any one belligerent faction could not last indefinitely. Time and the exigencies of human nature in politics would transform it in one of two directions. Either the military domination of the victors would become the instrument of a united and reconciled Europe, erected on a foundation of international law, comparatively unhampered economic intercourse, freedom of expression for national cultures and general goodwill, or else the preponderance of power which the victors had captured would gradually provoke resistance and yield to a new incarnation of the old balance of power. This transformation has not yet occurred. Ever since the signing of the armistice, the political and military coalition of the Allies has remained the government of Europe. Ex-President Wilson proposed and attempted to substitute a general international government for the factional military dictatorship, but he was defeated in Paris.

The Treaty of Versailles was written less in the interest of reconciliation and reconstruction than of the continued domination of the victors. Their conduct of European affairs was not successful and something else had to be tried. The Genoa Conference is the beginning of another attempt to substitute some kind of international order and concert for this military dictatorship, but it is a more realistic and flexible attempt than that of Mr. Wilson. Mr. Lloyd George is convinced of the impossibility of continuing to govern Europe by the Supreme Council. He considers it necessary to put in its place not a world government but a concert of the European powers. He is right in considering such a concert indispensable. It seems to be the only agency which may be capable not merely of restoring and reconstructing Europe, but of saving it from economic disaster and social disintegration. He is hoping and laboring to pull out of the existing Conference the beginnings of a genuine European union, based ultimately on government by general consent.

The signing of the Russo-German Treaty will assist him in his work of substituting a concert for the present military dictatorship. Hitherto the Supreme Council has systematically talked and behaved as if Germany were a criminal whose destiny the Allies had the moral right to dictate without

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asking for the consent of the German people. It has also behaved as if the Russian government was an outlaw which the rest of Europe had a right to exterminate, no matter whether the Russian people did or did not agree with the condemnation. But Germany and Russia are the two most populous and latently powerful nations of Europe; and if their governments were to be treated as criminals and outlaws, the project of organizing a European concert became a fantastic absurdity. The first step in the direction of a concert was consequently to abandon the policy of ostracism and to invite them to a conference in which they would sit, at least nominally, as the equals of the victors in the war. The next equally indispensable step was some assertion of independence and self-respect on their part, some unequivocal testimony of their refusal to be treated any longer as nations without rights, some indication that they could put forward and back up a policy of their own. It was this step which the German and Russian governments took when they signed the Treaty. They served notice on the victors in the war of their will and their ability to come back. They were willing, so they said in substance, to cooperate for the reconstruction of Europe, but if the proposed method of cooperation demanded, like the Treaty of Versailles, the continuation of compulsory subjection of their rights and interests to those of other peoples, they would make common cause against their judges and executioners.

This aggressive behavior undoubtedly implies a warning even more than a promise. It is a warning that if the Genoa Conference perpetuates under another form the dictatorship of the Supreme Council, Germany and Russia may ultimately combine to resist their masters, that they may form, if the British attempt to create a European concert fails, a new version of the old balance of power. Their gesture in plastering such a warning on the wall at a moment when the overwhelming need of Europe is a stable union of wills rather than an unstable balance of powers may look like rough politics, but if it was rough its roughness was called for by the nature of the emergency. The threat and the danger of the return of Europe to the anarchy of a new balance of power do not at present originate in the ambitions of the Russian or the German peoples, but in the evils of the existing distribution and exercise of political and economical authority in Europe. If the attempt to organize a concert fails, the victims of the present dictatorship of the Supreme Council are certain gradually to organize their protests against its tyranny into a counter-alliance, consisting chiefly of Germany and Russia. The Russo-German Treaty merely called attention to the probability of such an occurrence, and asked France, Great Britain, Italy and the Little Entente what they would do to prevent it.

Its signature undoubtedly increases the danger of some drastic action on the part of the French government. The French politicians and generals are the chief supporters and beneficiaries of the prevailing dictatorship. They will do their best to perpetuate it, and their policy with respect to the Genoa Conference has kept that end steadily in view. But they realize the force of the demand among their allies for some measure of European reunion, and they do not dare openly to oppose it. The position of France is precarious. She depends upon her allies for support in maintaining a dictatorship in which they are coming less and less to believe, and this increasing alienation of her associates provokes her politicians to talk about adopting complete freedom of action. M. Poincaré threatens to break away and to fall back on the French army as the sufficient instrument of French national policy.

The fact is that the French politicians are really concerned more with the prestige of France than with the realistic adjustment of French interests to those of the other European peoples. Whatever else happens, the French nation must, they think, continue to occupy the centre of the European stage. Unfortunately, however, some of the other leading characters are always intruding and crowding her into the wings. French prestige suffered severely at Washington. As a consequence of the obstructive nature of French policy, it is suffering still more at Genoa. The reappearance of Germany and Russia as positive influences in moulding European policy and the adoption by them of an independent combined policy is peculiarly alarming to French susceptibilities. French statesmen would regard the recovery of Germany and Russia and an alliance between them as the most dangerous possible menace to everything that France has gained from the war. The remoteness of the menace and the present military impotence of the two protesting countries will not persuade them to submit to it patiently. During the next few weeks or months they will seek to prevent any further independent self-assertion on the part of the outcast nations.

Whether the demonstration will include the execution of some of the "sanctions" as a penalty for German default under the Treaty, we shall not presume to predict. But if the French government should seek to vindicate its prestige by a military demonstration which would further embroil and disconcert Europe, the other European nations should not try to buy it off by any substantial concessions. Sooner or later, if they

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honestly propose to form a European union, they will have to call the French bluff; and the time is coming when the failure to call it will wreck for many years the possibility of European reconstruction. It is the peculiar advantage of conferences, such as the one now assembled at Genoa, that they expose, emphasize and advertise unpalatable but irrepressible aspects of an obscure and complicated political situation. They reveal the hollowness of the subterfuges which the politicians have used as a means of escape from their immediate difficulties and which so frequently crystallize into stubborn popular illusions. The New York Herald is right. "The Genoa Conference has justified its existence. Its justification is the awakening the world gets from the dramatically executed Russo-German Treaty. It flashes a picture on the sky which makes men think and shakes them from the lethargy of dull prejudice and easy-going indifference. It brings them to a realization that a very human handling of the problem with a broad wise consideration is the only course that will make for lasting peace and a readjusted revitalized Europe."

Ferment in the Colleges

ACCORDING to the prevailing scheme in our institutions of higher learning the officially recognized interests of the students fall into two categories. The first of these consists of the "student activities," frequently designated in the college press simply as "activities." Athletics, class politics, debating and musical clubs, the conduct of the honor system, are typical "activities." The other category of interests has never, to our knowledge, been officially christened, but we suggest as most appropriate the name of "student passivities," or "passivities," for short. This category includes everything that has to do with the curriculum. How many years a student must spend in college, what courses shall be "required," and what they shall contain, how far election of courses shall be free and how far controlled by an advisor—all such concerns have by general consent been left to the governance of the Faculty. And the Faculty likes the arrangement. The Faculty stands in the position of a producer of utilities; the students are the consumers. And what do producers consider more fitting than that the consumer should leave to their discretion all questions of quantity, quality, and price?

Recently, however, there has appeared to be something like a ferment working in the colleges. At first only sporadic voices were heard challenging the eternal fitness of the division of interests between activities and passivities. The challengers were usually avoided, as cranks, by the majority of well disciplined students. These students did not believe that you could change student nature. They believed that it was of the nature of the student to present himself as raw material at the college gates, to be milled and sifted and done up in a neat parchment package according to the technical rules laid down by wise men long since dead and administered by other wise men not dead yet. But the number of challengers has grown persistently. The New York University News has compiled an "Intercollegiate Platform," a sort of students' constitution, from "planks" composed by college editors in representative institutions. And while most of these planks pertain to the traditional "activities," four editors, representing Princeton, Yale, Boston and Amherst, turn their attention upon the curriculum. The Princeton representative asks for increased emphasis upon the humanities. The Yale representative would "preserve the college from the cultural blight which inevitably follows the growth of economics and similar studies." The representative of Boston asks for "curriculums more closely adapted to the practical needs of life"; the Amherst representative yearns for "a conscious effort to face the social, political and economic problems of reconstruction which our generation must solve."

These are stirrings, or perhaps better, growing pains. For a maturer performance we turn to Barnard College, where, under the opaque shadow of Columbia University, a really spirited student life is taking shape. A student curricular committee, created by the Student Council with the consent of the undergraduate body, has reviewed thoroughly the present curriculum and has presented to the Faculty a report which has, we believe, been laid on the table. But that is, we hope, not the end of the matter, as the report is too live to lie forever gathering dust.

What the curricular committee desires is a complete break with the traditional courses that make the Freshman and Sophomore years practically a continuation of the high school, and the substitution of broader studies that may serve to orient the student in the world of adult thought. The Freshman year, as the committee would reorganize it, would offer a solid course on the history of mankind "designed to bring out the chief aspects of man's relation to his environment by tracing present conditions and tendencies to historic processes"; it would offer a course giving an introduction to human biology and psychology; a course on general mathematical analysis; a course on English literature, "presenting literature as an aspect of life"; and a course on the technique of expression,

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in which the students, meeting the instructor in small groups, would develop technique in writing.

We have not the space to reproduce the detailed specifications offered for the Freshman courses, nor to follow the curricular committee through the succeeding years of college. But we submit that even the bare titles of the Freshman courses are sufficient to show the boldness of the curricular committee's conception. It is bold, but there is no recklessness in it. A Freshman year thus occupied ought to prepare a student, as the conventional Freshman year does not, to utilize the resources of the college in the later years of his course.

The college curriculum was not made in a day, nor will it be revolutionized in a day. In every forward movement the majority of the Faculty will hold back, and that is well. The college, with all its defects, is a good thing in itself, and it is proper that the burden of proof should be upon the advocate of change. It is proper, too, that the advocates of change who receive the most respectful hearing should be those who emerge in the student body. The members of the Faculty have vested interests in changelessness or in change, in harmony or in discord. The only vested interest of the student is in life, and in rational preparation for life. The students are weaker than their instructors in point of technical knowledge, but their interests lie nearer the heart of the institution. And in ordinary life pertinence of interests goes far toward making amends for lack of experience. That holds of college life as well.

Tariff and Depression

ACCORDING to Senator Capper's arithmetic we are losing three million dollars by every day's delay in enacting the tariff law. We lose one million dollars in revenue and our industry loses two millions in money return. That is at first sight a horrifying sum of losses in these hard times. But let us wait a moment before crying out. When money is lost somebody usually finds it. What becomes of these three millions? It remains in the pockets of the consumers, who do not need to pay it, in the shape of higher prices, to the government and to the beneficiaries of protection. Senator Capper's arithmetic, then, seems to leave us just where we were before. We shall have to look at the tariff question from some other angle if we desire a glimpse of the realities.

The central economic problem of the day is the depression which has afflicted us for a twelve month and which shows no sign of dissipating in the near future. If the tariff can relieve the depression, there is a strong case for immediate action on it. But are we sure that the proposed tariff will not make matters worse? The born protectionist, of course, has no doubt on this point. Depression always attends low tariffs, he asserts. But reasonable men will inquire first of all what conditions underlie a given depression, and how far those conditions can be affected by any proposed remedy.

In the case of the present depression, there cannot be room for important differences of opinion as to the underlying conditions. The depression began with agriculture. The purchasing power of agriculture declined in one year by practically one-third. And every industry dependent upon the farmers for its market was correspondingly embarrassed. Directly or indirectly, all industries are dependent upon the farmer's trade; accordingly a general depression was inevitable. Does Senator Capper or any other member of the agricultural bloc offer an alternative explanation of the depression? We doubt that.

What was it that cut one-third off the purchasing power of the farmers? Not drouth nor insect pests nor any other force affecting the physical production of agriculture. The farmer's product was not essentially inferior to that of prosperous years. No; the farmer was plunged into a condition approaching bankruptcy by the collapse of prices. And there is no secret about the cause that produced the collapse in prices. It was the failure of our European customers to buy wheat and meat and cotton as liberally as their absolute needs would have dictated, if they could have found the means of payment.

What is the prospect of a swift recovery from depression? There can be no recovery until agriculture again enjoys satisfactory prices, and agriculture will not enjoy such prices until our European customers can find means of paying for American foodstuffs and raw materials. Whence will they find the means? They have no gold. Their credit is grievously impaired. Their only practicable resource lies in their exports; exports to America, or to other countries that are sending exports to America and thus have bills with which purchases in America can be made.

This is the simple economics of the question. We cannot fully recover from depression without a stimulus to our agricultural exports. There are no resources with which to pay for such exports except imports. Yet Senator Capper and his colleagues of the agricultural bloc are demanding the erection of formidable obstacles against the import trade.

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We do not believe that Senator Capper can himself be under any delusion as to the real cause of agricultural distress, or as to the tendency of higher duties to aggravate and prolong the depression. He is a statesman who accepts literally the principles of democratic representation. What his constituents demand he demands; what his constituents believe, he believes, even though it is impossible. But sooner or later his constituents will discover how they have somehow been worked into supporting the interests diametrically opposed to their own, and how their representative lent his services to the enterprise without apparent qualms. Is it so sure that they will bear in mind that it was in obedience to a strict constructionist theory of democratic representation that Senator Capper swallowed the protectionist hook, in their behalf? They will get the tariff. It will raise the price of everything they buy and not improve in the least the price of anything they sell. And Kansas will probably be heard from when that condition makes itself evident.

The Changed Attitude Towards Unemployment

ECONOMICS as pursued in the schools is a more or less exact science, advancing according to its own technical rules from position to position, without any definite reference to questions of practical policy. A doctrine is held until it is "exploded," a formula remains alive until the progress of analysis compels a regrouping of the facts on which it is based. It is quite otherwise with the economics that consciously or unconsciously helps to determine the attitude of the layman towards policies and institutions. Here change takes place, not by an orderly process of growth, but by surging waves whose original impulse it is often impossible to trace. The average layman has a perfectly definite attitude toward a particular problem today. He feels that it is the attitude of common sense, and any conflicting view is theory. Ten years hence his attitude may have changed fundamentally. The new common sense may be diametrically opposed to the old, but that does not matter. Unlike the unhappy academic scholar, the layman is free to be inconsistent.

Just such a change is taking place—and indeed may be said to have taken place—in the layman's common sense views of unemployment. Twenty years ago, as every economic historian knows, common sense ascribed unemployment either to personal defect or to the remorseless operation of economic laws, prevailingly regarded as beneficent, but whether beneficent or not, beyond human power to amend. The unemployed in normal times were the unemployable, the unfit and misfit who had to be eliminated in order to give a clean field to the fit and efficient. The unemployed in time of crisis were not regarded as of this character exclusively; yet even in the worst crisis, some are employed, and who are they but the fittest? Anyway, it was widely believed that to put the industry of a country through a crisis of unemployment is like putting a ship in dry dock to scrape off the barnacles. In flush times labor waxes fat and kicks. Industry and thrift are at a discount, slacking flourishes. A crisis of unemployment may be painful, but it restores the economic body to sound health.

Today such a view of unemployment sounds utterly antiquated. It seems almost to smack of the Old Stone Age, or the records of Hammurabi at latest. Even high school children nowadays will say glibly that unemployment is a problem of industry, of industrial dislocation, not of personal defect and inefficiency. Even Judge Gary and the New York Times would agree that a crisis of unemployment, instead of serving as a dose of industrial medicine, is a wasting disease, entailing a long period of painful convalescence. As we have indicated, we should be hard put to it to find an adequate explanation of this change in the common sense attitude. The influence of a series of books on the subject, beginning with Beveridge's Unemployment: A Problem of Industry, must have had something to do with it. Investigations by scientific managers into the appalling costs of the labor turnover no doubt played an important part. The war, with its unprecedented concentration of public interest on questions of production, gave greater impetus to a revision of the old view than anything else. Whatever the causes of the revision, however, there is no doubt about the fact of revision. We no longer feel justified in preaching thrift and industry to the unemployed, or in prating to them about blessings in disguise.

Any such vital change in the common sense attitude towards an economic problem presages a change in the institutions designed to cope with it. Bread lines, desultory relief works and patience under adversity were the institutions recommended under the old formula. And let the bread be stale and bitter, the relief works laborious and ill paid, lest a premium be placed upon slacking and incompetence and the hygienic value of short commons lost. You refuse to believe that such preposterous remedies have ever been seriously proposed since the days of Tiglathpil-

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esar? Then turn to the files of any weighty newspaper and read the pronouncements of the leaders of industry and finance, during the crisis of 1907, or better, during the crisis of 1893. They really thought such remedies would suffice. Today we know we have to do something far more radical, if we do anything at all—and we must do something.

Shall we, then, resort to public unemployment allowances—"doles," in the quaint language of early Ohio, surviving in President Harding's oratory? There is something to be said for such allowances. Unemployment is a disastrous incident of the system of private enterprise and private property upon which, as Secretary Hughes has informed Russia, production rests. It is one of the general costs of production, and might properly be saddled upon industry by means of taxation.

But the fact is, not all production is equally guilty. Some industries contribute little, others much, to the burden of unemployment. And every industry contributes more than it would if the burden were brought squarely home to it. Any enterprise, any industry as a whole, could, if it were worth while, do much toward regularizing employment throughout the year. Everyone is aware that the huge reserve of surplus labor held around the coal mines, half starved, is a national scandal of immeasurable magnitude. And think of the abuses of alternating unemployment and overtime in the needle trades. Are we to allow such industries to throw the burden of their incompetence upon the state? That would be better than leaving the workers to perish under it, but nevertheless, it is a policy that does not recommend itself to common sense in its present state of development.

Make every industry pay for its own unemployment. That will give an impetus to reforming its employment methods, so far as this is practicable. And so far as reform is not practicable, it will pass the burden on to the consumer, where it belongs. If coal can not be had except by a system which keeps one-fifth of the miners in a condition of worklessness, the consumers of coal, instead of the miners, ought to pay for it. We pay for the use and wear and tear of mining machinery. We pay for mine accidents, and the only honest thing for us to do is to pay for the cost of inevitable unemployment.

What ought to be done is clear enough. How are we to go about it: by legislation, federal and state, forcing the employers in each industry to associate themselves for the collective assumption of the burden of unemployment? We shall have to come to that eventually. But while we are going through the tedious process of realizing in legislation even so keenly felt a want, is there any reason why industries in which employers are reasonably enlightened should not undertake the work of their own volition? It is to be observed that their profits would not suffer, if the undertaking were industry wide. It would raise costs, but the increase, being uniform, would shift to the consumer, like any other cost.

Or is there any reason why pressure should not be brought to bear by the labor organizations, which feel the need more intensely than any organization of employers, however sympathetic? The Amalgamated Clothing Workers brought forward in their 1920 convention a proposal of this kind for the Men's Clothing Industry. In principle, it is proposed that the employers shall create a fund by a weekly payment of a given percentage of the payroll, not to be deducted from wages but in addition to them. The argument for the proposal is presented with remarkable simplicity and cogency in a little pamphlet by Dr. Leo Wolman, chief of the Research Department (31 Union Square, New York). We have nowhere seen in a compass of thirty pages so entirely adequate a presentation of the case for treating unemployment definitely as a factor in cost.

The unions are in a position to take the first step toward abating the anachronistic evil of industrial unemployment. It will require statesmanship of a high order, such as few American unions besides the Amalgamated are at present exhibiting. Once success has been attained in one field other unions will be impelled to action; experiment after experiment will demonstrate the feasibility of unemployment insurance, until at last the state is forced to action.

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Can A Living Wage Be Paid?

FIRST, if industry can pay a living wage but will not, what should be the attitude of the workers? Second, if industry as at present operated cannot pay a living wage, what should be the attitude of the workers? These, as Mr. B. M. Jewell said when he propounded them to the Railroad Labor Board in behalf of the Railway Employees' Department, "are vital problems to which the employees of industry will find an answer sooner or later." The fact that he asked such questions shows that at least one important group of unions has begun to till economic soil which is likely to prove more fruitful to all of us than the conventional wage discussions.

We are familiar with the aims of the railroad executives. Their dominating purpose is to bring a return on investment of six or more percent. If you do not feed capital its percentage it will not buy you rails or cars, in the end it will not work for you at all. That six percent is the objective towards which the railroad managements have ruthlessly been driving their forces for the past two years. Does it demand the crushing down of wages and working rules? Does it demand the maintenance of high rates? Never mind, it is the essential victory without which everything is lost.

Mr. Jewell recognizes this argument well, and the more often he sees it, the more he dislikes it. For he, too, represents a fixed charge on industry —the human capital's need for a living wage. And the workers themselves have been accumulating a deficit. Regular family accounts kept by well scattered samples of his members show average expenditures for 1921 of $1,989.64, and average income of $1,935.50 (of which only $1,795.49 was contributed by the railroads). That is a deficit, in money, of $54 per member. But there is a larger deficit, due to inadequate expenditure. If one compares the items of food actually bought by these families with the minimum health requirements specified by an eminent dietitian such as Professor M. E. Jaffa of the University of California, he comes out with a deficit for each family of 75½ pounds of meat, fish, milk and eggs, 24 pounds of flour, cereal foods and rice, and 14 pounds of potatoes, vegetables and fruits. If you reduce our wages, says Mr. Jewell, please specify exactly which pounds of butter or which articles of clothing you forbid us to have.

This railroad dilemma dramatizes the conflict between the attitudes of the two parties engaged in industry which Mr. Jewell has in mind when he asks his searching questions. For he is not so short-sighted as to confine the discussion to the railroads. Perhaps the railroads, on account of their peculiar financial difficulties, cannot pay a living wage. Perhaps they could not pay one even after squeezing the water out of their capitalization, or introducing better management and control. If so, they need a subsidy. Other industries must contribute to their support. But the railroad executives came into the hearings with an enormous mass of evidence to show that wages in other industries have been reduced more than railroad wages. Cannot other industries, then, pay a living wage? Cannot the country as a whole properly feed and clothe and house its working population? If not, why not?

The argument begins back in 1914, at the start of the last round of the business cycle. The first thing that happened was a rise in wholesale prices. In industry after industry they soared up to a mountain peak by 1917, slowed down under the war control of 1918 and 1919, and rose again sharply in 1920, when President Wilson urged "taking the reins off business." Retail prices followed wholesale at a respectful distance, never catching up until wholesale prices were well on the down grade toward the end of 1920. And wages—measured by per-capita weekly earnings in the several industries concerned—fell behind retail prices until nearly the end of the inflation period. The wage curve just flicked the wholesale price curve at the end of 1920.

The result of this great gulf between wholesale prices and wages was, to the employer, immensely widened margins of profit. The result of the lag of wages behind retail prices was a corresponding loss to the worker. During the inflation period of 1916-1920 the average annual net income of 172 large corporations in 16 important industries was 1,096 million dollars, as compared with 414 million during the pre-inflation period of 1912-1914. Even after the deduction of war taxes, the net income of *all* corporations in the country was nearly twice as large as in the preceding period.

War profits are an old story, but it is a story of which not many have read the sequel. High profits resulted partly in increased dividends, but even more in the salting away of reserves and immense additions to corporate surplus. According to the National Bureau of Economic Research, out of an estimated total net income to corporations of nearly 40 billions in the years 1913-1920, 17

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billions were added to corporate surplus—entirely aside from reserves for depreciation deducted before profit reckoned. Part of the surplus accumulation was used for the expansion of physical plant, and part was laid aside to protect the interests of capital during the expected period of deflation. By virtue of the fact, therefore, that the standard of living of the wage-earners was materially reduced during at least the first half of the inflation period, capital was not only able to pay itself a larger current income, but to store up vast sums to insure the continuance of that income when prices should fall. Labor had no such insurance.

That, however, was not the most striking effect of the large profits. They led also to great increases in investment, to enlarged capitalizations and the incurring of fixed charges which could have been justified only on the assumption that the high price level, the large profits, and the expansion of the national income were permanent. An index of new capital issues, and one of the capitalization of new incorporations, based on the figures of the New York Journal of Commerce, when compared with an index of the corporate net income actually received, make this clear. Although by 1919 total corporate net income was no larger than in 1913 after deduction of taxes, and in 1920 it was but 12 percent above, new capital issues in 1919 were 84 percent above 1913 and in 1920 they were 89 percent above. Capitalization of new incorporations was actually 513 percent above 1913 in 1919, and in 1920 this figure had jumped to 625 percent above the pre-war level.

Thus, just before the deflation, the war profits were capitalized, and money made or invested in fifty-cent dollars was prepared to draw interest and dividends in seventy-five or one hundred cent dollars.

Of course this increase in capitalization did not insure a continuance of the larger return to capital. When prices and profits should permanently fall, and it was no longer possible to buoy up interest and dividends out of surplus, one of two things could happen. Either the new issues would lose in value, or capital would absorb a larger share of the national income than before. We can depend upon it, however, that the capital owners would do their best to bring about the second rather than the first of these alternatives.

An interesting commentary on their motive for doing so is that a large part of the new investment took the form of bonds, bearing fixed charges, rather than stock. In 1919 new industrial and public utilities bond issues amounted to 499 million dollars, more than in any previous year except 1916, and more than twice as much as in 1915. In 1920 they nearly doubled again, to 878 millions —and in 1921 they became 1,276 millions. The government funded debt meanwhile had sprung from 1,190 millions in 1914 to 23,977 in 1921. The bonds of all kinds issued since 1913, deducting those issued for refunding, amount at least to 28½ billion dollars. If the average interest on them is five percent, this means an annual addition to fixed charges on the nation's income of nearly a billion and a half, which must be paid whether the value of the dollar is high or low, whether the total national income in dollars is over 60 billion, as it was when the investments were made, or about 40 billion, as it was in 1921. Some of the interest on the government debt, of course, will eventually come from European nations, but by no means half. If stockholders are thus not to lose much of their equity by deflation, they are compelled to devise a way to keep corporate earnings high.

It must be noted here that 70 percent of all the dividend and interest payments reported in 1918 went to less than one percent of the gainfully employed population. More than half of the dividends reported went to persons with incomes of over $25,000. Over two-thirds of the interest on Liberty and Victory Bonds, as they were originally issued, was paid on the denominations of $1,000 or over. And since the original issue a marked concentration of the holdings of government bonds has taken place.

About the middle of 1920 began the collapse of demand, the fall of prices, the unemployment and the long series of wage cuts. Mr. Jewell believes it was started by the inability of the ordinary consumers' purchasing power to stand the strain of the new high level of prices. In support of this theory he calls attention to the fact that among the first commodities to feel the depression were food products and daily necessities such as shoes and clothing. Whether this factor was more important than the falling off of exports, or whether the bankers or some other group were really responsible, is, however, not of supreme importance to his argument. The important consideration is the working of the deflation machine, once it was set in motion.

The first awesome spectacle is the vicious downward spiral in which unemployment and wage reductions impair the purchasing power of the industrial population, thus reducing the demand for farm products, while the farmers, nearly bankrupt, lose their power to buy industrial products, until at the bottom we see men starving in the cities and coal fields while farmers are burning their corn for fuel.

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And in the midst of this confusion we see the second awesome spectacle—the owners and managers of industry failing to produce because they cannot sell at a profit, thus failing to buy the goods of others, and failing to employ the workmen so that they can buy each others' products and the farmers' crops. And we see the large, controlling producers in no hurry to start up again because they have great depreciation reserves and surpluses to live on, while they wait until the workers, unable to bargain in the overcrowded labor market because they have no reserves, are "deflated." "In the highest financial and industrial circles," wrote Mr. B. C. Forbes in his magazine, March, 1921, "vigorous recovery is not desired until wages have been brought down in all industries, on the railroads and in other walks of life." That such circles were able to exercise a controlling influence in this matter, if they did so wish, is shown by the fact that only 1.4 percent of the industrial establishments of the country, operating chiefly in the basic industries, and each having an annual product of over a million dollars in 1914, produced almost half the nation's manufactures, and employed 35 percent of the wage earners.

But what, in the meantime, happened to the earnings of capital? Dividend and interest payments in 1921, according to the tabulations of the New York Journal of Commerce, were the largest in history, about double those in 1913. They had shown a steady growth for eight years. Thus capital, in spite of the drop in prices and production, in spite of its own unemployment, continued to draw its regular return—more than its regular return. The wages of capital, unlike the wages of labor, are insured on an increasing trend.

New investment went on apace in 1921. We have already spoken of the bond issues. Other new capital issues increased also. New incorporations were far above the pre-war level. Losses due to failures were insignificant beside the new investment. Probably 18 to 20 percent of the national income was saved and reinvested by capital owners in this year of severe depression.

Very well, answers the opposition, but does not all this new investment represent new plant and increased productive capacity which is being used to improve the standard of living? Unfortunately a study of goods produced does not bear out this contention. The plant may be there, but the increased stream of products necessary to the small consumer is not. Physical production in 1917 was only 14 percent above the 1913 level, and at its high point, in 1920, was but 15 percent above. In 1921 it was about 8 percent below 1913. A careful study of the nature of the production, for which there is no space here, seems to prove that the increases were almost all drawn off in war munitions, export surplus, luxury consumption, and especially in the support of an abnormal growth in the relative number of clerks, traders, brokers and others who do not add to the quantity of consumers' goods. Thus the average consumer was no better off than before, except possibly for a very brief period.

The truth seems to be that we always have a surplus equipment of plant and operatives which we do not keep anywhere near busy even in normal times. Undoubtedly we have the natural resources and the technical skill, probably we have the plant and the workers, to produce a high standard of living for everyone, if only we used them for that purpose. But unfortunately we do not do so. With existing plant properly employed, we might turn out regularly 40 percent more products than we average to make. Is the solution an engineering problem? In part it is. But even more it is an economic problem. In order that the goods necessary for a high standard of living for the workers shall be produced, there must first be an effective demand for those goods. But there cannot be an effective demand if the real wage, or purchasing power, is not increased as the plant is increased.

That is why Mr. Jewell stated: "We have come here to challenge the justice of the wage rates of all productive labor, to challenge the very principle upon which the railroads propose that the rates of pay be adjusted. We propose to show how the entire purpose for which industry is operated can and must be changed." The change he desires is to cease giving first consideration to the reward of capital, and to devote that consideration to the production of the means of life. Instead of beginning by insuring capital a steady and constantly enlarging return, let us begin by attempting to pay adequate and steady and constantly enlarging real wages. The facts adduced by Mr. Jewell indicate, he believes, that if the country does not produce enough to pay a living wage, the reason is largely the unequal division of income, and the power of capital owners over that division. If the purchasing power of the employees of industry can be increased and stabilized, we ought to be able to use our plant in such a way as to pay the higher wage. That result would go far to avoid disastrous fluctuations in production. The engineers would then have a real chance to organize our industrial machine for the sustenance and ennoblement of the common life, rather than for the speculative profit taker, the banker and the bond-holder.

GEORGE SOULE.

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The Near and Middle East

SINCE the Prime Ministers of France, Great Britain and Italy met at Paris on the 22nd of March last, there has been a distinct turn for the better in the Eastern situation. The three Western powers managed to bring their respective Oriental policies more nearly into line with one another than at any time since the armistice—or even since the outbreak of the European war. Further, the tone of their published declaration was a welcome departure from the previous style of the Supreme Council. The affectation of cantankerous omnipotence was dropped, and the statesmen, admitting for the first time their inability to impose a settlement by force, addressed reasoned proposals in courteous language to the local belligerents. This twofold change for the better on the side of the powers has not failed to produce its effect upon Greece and Turkey, and when on the 6th of April the news arrived that the Turkish Nationalist government at Angora, as well as the Sultan's at Constantinople and King Constantine's at Athens, had provisionally accepted the proposals as a basis for negotiation, peace at last came within sight. It should be attained, if all goes well, in the course of the next three or four months, but there is one serious danger. A movement is on foot among the Greek troops and the Greek element in the population of the occupied territories in Anatolia to organize violent resistance to the powers' proposals. This is natural enough. The Greeks have been the victims of Western diplomacy, and may be expected to turn savage as they realize their situation. At the same time it is essential that such action on their part should be checked at the outset by the immediate dispatch of Allied control officers to the territories which it is proposed to restore to Turkey. Should the situation get out of hand, many innocent Turks will suffer first, then reprisals will be taken upon an equal number of innocent Greeks, and the news of atrocity and counter-atrocity will wreck the peace negotiations.

Vigorous steps to avert this danger will be the test of the powers' sincerity in their attempt to remedy the mischief which they themselves have made. The present deplorable situation in Anatolia is of their creation. In November, 1918, when they took over military control of this country under the terms of their armistice with Turkey, they found it unravaged by war (except in the far north-eastern provinces which had suffered from a Russian invasion). True, there had been the terrible atrocities of 1915 against the Armenians, and the deportation, in the following years, of the coastal Greeks. But, for the repatriation of the survivors, the restoration of their property, and the rebuilding of their shattered life, two conditions were essential—peace and Western control; and by landing Greek troops at Smyrna in May, 1919, the Western powers broke the one and abdicated the other. During 1921, when the writer was visting the scene of this war-after-the-war in Anatolia, the masters of the local situation were not the representatives of Western civilization but a Greek and a Turkish army of approximately 200,000 men a side; the country was being inexorably devastated and the population—of all nationalities—uprooted and massacred, as the war spread; and these events were so inflaming the hatred of the different local nationalities against one another that it was hard to see how they could ever live again as neighbors in the same towns and villages, as, on the whole, they had managed to do in the past.

The responsibility for this catastrophe lies with the governments of the powers. The long and sordid story of their diplomacy may be summarized as follows. During the European war they made a number of secret agreements providing for territorial and other acquisitions at the expense of the Ottoman Empire, on the assumption that after the end of the war they would possess the means to make these claims good. But they had misread the psychology of their respective nations. French, English and Italian soldiers were willing to fight in the East during the European war and tax-payers to pay for these operations, because they contributed to the central war aims in the West; but the moment Germany capitulated, they began to display an active unwillingness to spend further lives and money in the East for political aggrandisement. Slowly but surely, they have been bringing their governments to heel; and the statesmen, seeing their own resources dwindling, have more and more resorted to employing the local states and nationalities (which are less experienced and more vitally interested than the nations of the West) as pawns. Greece has been the principal pawn and has suffered most severely. Her army was to have imposed the Allies' terms of peace upon an unwilling Turkey but the use of Greek forces aroused more national resistance among the Turks than these forces were able to overcome and the confusion was worse confounded by the powers' own

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mutual jealousies. France and Italy, fearing that the triumph of Greece with British backing might establish British ascendancy in the Near East (particularly at the Straits) at their expense, began to make a pawn of the Turkish Nationalist government at Angora; and the conclusion of a Franco-Turkish agreement by M. Franklin-Bouillon (for Paris) and Gusuf Kemal Bey (for Angora) on the 20th of October, 1921, put a dangerous strain upon the already dislocated Anglo-French entente. The English and French nations took alarm, and their respective governments have now made a serious effort, with some success, to undo their own previous handiwork. The victims are the Turks—whose homelands have been invaded and devastated after the armistice—and the Greeks, who have been encouraged to embark on a policy of adventure and then left in the lurch, to make good their loss of lives, treasure and reputation as best they can.

Why were the local nationalities willing to act as cat's paws? They knew the risks they ran, but the master-motive of nationalism carried them away. It is commonly assumed that Near and Middle Eastern nationalism, and the horrors which it produces, are specifically local products, but historical inquiry shows that this is not the case. The destructive force is a Western political idea introduced into a foreign environment where it creates havoc, somewhat as savages die of imported diseases from which Western communities suffer comparatively slight inconvenience. In both London and New York we are familiar with the problem of the immigrant. We know the revolutionary effect upon him of sudden transplantation into a new social environment, and the slower but still profound counter-influence upon that environment that emanates from him. It is less generally realized that entire non-Western societies have made, or are making, a mental immigration into the spiritual environment of Western society, without actually changing their local habitation. Near Eastern Christian society made it first. Peter the Great began to westernize Russia more than two centuries ago, and the beginnings of the same process in Greece were contemporaneous. The Moslems and Hindoos of the Middle East and India, and the peoples of the Far East, have started on the same road a century or so later. The "westernization" of the Far East is a special concern of the people of the United States, while English people are more closely affected by the results of the process in the region between Constantinople and Calcutta; but fundamentally the problem is the same. The whole of Western society is interested on the one side, and all existing non-Western civilized societies on the other. It is a problem of contact and relationship on a gigantic scale.

In this light the fortunes of Greek and Turkish nationalism acquire an interest beyond themselves, and as a matter of fact they have reached a critical point. The redistribution of the political map of the Near and Middle East on the basis of the Western idea of nationality is approaching equilibrium. "L'Empire Ottoman est mort! Vive la Turquie!" The political fermentation which during the last century has caused non-Turkish peoples (Moslem Arabs as well as Christian Greeks, Bulgars and Serbs) to break away from the Ottoman Empire, has eventually infected (as it was bound to do) the Osmanlis themselves; and the material success of the Turkish national movement has both set the limits to the break-up of the Ottoman Empire and at the same time replaced that antiquated institution by a Turkish national state on the Greek and Bulgarian model. The instability of frontiers, which has been the characteristic feature of Eastern history during the last few generations, is possibly coming to an end, and with it—it is to be hoped—the mutual massacres that have been caused by it. Stabilize frontiers; remove the fear felt by majorities that the presence of minorities may lead to a transfer of the territories where they are found; and then persuade the respective majorities to grant to their neighbors' kinsmen, in their country, and to secure for their own kindred minorities abroad, an identical charter of liberties. That is the proper program in the East for civilized statesmanship.

ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE.

Lady Astor

COLD, cabled words do not well translate the character that speaks them. What quotations from Lady Astor came to us from England, what descriptions of her startling entrance into politics, of her "racy humor," her independence, of a quality spirited yet at times a little cheap, which when one hears it described as "unconventional" is apt to raise a certain mistrust in one's mind that it is only mildly spectacular, left the impression of buoyant platitudes which could be charming only in proportion as their speaker was young. And one wondered, not for the first time, at a public so easily fascinated by a person who was always so infallibly hitting on the head only the largest and most accessible nails.

It was quite a different figure that stood and spoke in the Town Hall, a figure gay and eager,

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slight and straight, with the gallant ring of youth in her voice. A voice engaging for its warmth, its careless seriousness, rather than for any charm of tone, for Lady Astor speaks in a high, ringing accent somewhere between English clarity and American angularity. She drops her g's quite frankly and unconsciously, as unconsciously as she seems to do the simple other things which bring her audience's applause rolling over her like breakers every few minutes. It is an audience which responds instantly to this energetic little woman in palest gray, which claps as heartily when she "wishes to goodness her presenter (Miss Mary Garrett Hay) was the Mayor of New York" as when she says she "would rather take on a Bolshevik meeting than a respectful and temperate one," or when she asks us to "clear out everything that makes for war in our hearts." It is an audience which at once describes itself and shows what most people find particularly attractive in Lady Astor by applauding her as she stops for a moment in her remarks on Adam and Eve and the apple to look at her manuscript and remark "now wait—let me see what kind of tree it was;" or by applauding her when she reacts to her American surroundings with "that's saying a mouthful." You can almost hear these well-to-do, intelligent, not too easily enthusiastic people saying to themselves: "she puts on no side, and she handles our slang as if she were one of us." They like this particularly, of course, in a Viscountess and a Langhorne.

Lady Astor would be "one of us" almost wherever she happened to be. Few of us would quarrel with her opinions: so general are they that it is easy to see why she should make the impression of being much better at appeal than argument. Her facile type of epigram is sufficiently breezy to arrest any desire to argue in her audience. Few people have so ready a gift as she of putting a shine on the old shoes among ideas: "It is your political duty to use your vote rightly for the majority. . . . I can think of nothing worse than a man government unless it was a woman government. . . . Eve wanted wisdom; Adam was just living in a Fool's Paradise; he didn't care. . . . This is no time for woman to sit at home."

With almost the same eager, untroubled sincerity which rings through these undisputed truths, we find her saying other things which lie nearer her heart, and come a little nearer to troubling her. She thinks of poverty, of filth, and to her it seems that "there is so much one-sidedness about it all that you are almost ashamed of being happy yourself."

She has not had a hard fight, you may say; the cards have been stacked in her favor, and she is not even fighting for ideas, nor with them, but rather with and for somewhat dim feelings which she in the large thinks are right but which she would find hard to put into detail. Granted—but no one who heard her will easily lose the picture of a gay, friendly, girlish person, telling us all, with a gallant jerk of the head, things we already believe.

ROBERT LITTELL.

Boston

II. Is the Yankee to Blame?

WHEN the lightning strikes as many times in the same place as it has done in Boston during the past few years, there must be a reason. And particularly if it is such unpleasant lightning—police strike, Ponzi bubble, roadhouse "orgies," scandalous blackmail ring centring in the district attorney's office, ex-convict mayor, and all the rest of it. "Dear, dear," says the puzzled citizen of Chicago or Dallas or Spokane, reading these things in the newspaper. "What *can* have happened to honest old, respectable old, Puritanical old Boston?"

As I suggested in the first article in this series, the answer most frequently heard among the Yankee element in Boston is: "The Irish!" Boston is now more nearly an Irish town than it is anything else. They control its politics utterly; and by sheer weight of numbers, they exert a powerful influence on its social psychology (to use a dreadful phrase for a simple and interesting thing). The Yankee says that Boston is now the sort of town the Irishman wants it to be, and washes his hands of it, so far as moral responsibility is concerned. The Irishman, if he can be got to talk of it at all, argues that Boston is no worse than any other town, as towns go nowadays, and that anyhow, the Yankee is pretty much a back number; not half the man his grandfather was. Perhaps we can best untangle the skein of Boston's existence by picking out the Yankee warp from the Irish woof and looking at them separately. As the Yankee was there first, it is no more than courteous to begin with him.

Before we can say very much about the Yankee

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of today, it is necessary to look at some of the things that he has—and has not—been in the past. Since the notion of him received by most of us from our school histories is a somewhat romantic one, it might be well to start with a group of negations.

The first thing that the Yankee is not, then, is pure Anglo-Saxon (if the adjective may be permitted to a "race" which is a self-confessed hybrid). The infiltration of other racial stocks began early, and has continued without intermission to the present day. Even the tidal wave of the Irish, with which we are so much concerned in this study, has lasted a hundred years, and had reached its peak before the present generation was out of the cradle.

The conditions of pioneer life tended to hasten the development of a new type, distinctively American and (in spite of the famous Boston accent) quite as remote from the English temperament as the Oklahoma rancher is from Maine. As immigration has continued for three hundred years, the successive waves have been amalgamated into the American "race" without modifying it in any important particular. This was certainly true as regards both the population of Boston and the countryside of New England for more than two hundred years, or down to the approximate period of the American Civil War. It would still be more or less true as regards rural life except for the influx of alien groups from southern Europe, brought over to work in the factories as they were established beside New England's fast-running little rivers. Many forces have helped to prevent the fusion of Italian immigrants, for example, with the Americans whose little towns they have overrun.

As for Boston, she continued the metamorphosis of the European immigrants into good Yankee citizens until the great industrial development brought about for her, as for rural New England, immigration on a scale much too big to be assimilable. The groups which in Boston today best represent this undigested influx are the Italians, the Greeks, the Canadians and, of course, the Irish.

There are other delusions of our school histories regarding the seed of the Puritan. There is, for example, the idea that Yankee civilization was essentially democratic. That famous and on the whole overrated idea, the town meeting, is responsible. While the town meeting represented political democracy of a sort remarkably well fitted to small homogeneous communities, there was no corresponding economic democracy. Bostonians protest against this statement, claiming that it was easy for "a man of real merit" to rise indefinitely through the economic organization, and having risen, to find himself welcomed as a peer of those who dominated the community socially and otherwise. It seems to me, however, that a society must be judged on what happens to the average individual, not on the exceptional provision it makes for the strongest. And in any event, the democratic experiment was much more complete and successful inland than on the coast. Says Samuel Eliot Morison in his Maritime History of Massachusetts:

> American democracy was not born in the cabin of the Mayflower, or in Boston town meetings but on the farming, fighting frontier of all the colonies, New England included. Seaboard Massachusetts has never known such a thing as a social democracy; and in seaboard Massachusetts, as elsewhere, inequalities of wealth have made political democracy a sham. Few town meetings have been held near tidewater where the voice of shipowner, merchant or master mariner did not carry more weight than that of fisherman, counting-room clerk, or common seaman. . . . The only difference from old world society lay in the facility in passing from one class to another.

There is, to be sure, nothing in all this for moderns to get excited about. Colonial New England represented about as much democracy, both political and economic, as then existed in any part of the world. When we say that economic power carried with it a dominant measure of control in political matters, we describe a condition which exists today and has always existed. The common people of New England led lives of frugal industry, but they were—at least, during periods of prosperity—well housed, clothed and fed. Moreover, New England and Boston most of all, was prosperous during the greater part of the time.

The Puritans, neither fishermen nor farmers by tradition, were forced to become both. They fared better at the first than the second; the rocky hills and narrow valleys of Massachusetts have never been an agricultural paradise, but they served their purpose. The great era of the clipper ship which extended (if you do not examine dates too critically) from the Revolution to the Civil War, brought the wealth of all the world and laid it on Boston's doorstep. The grand days of the whalers came to an end when the coal oil lamp made poor cetacean obsolete; but with only a brief interregnum, the Factory Age began and carried New England along on a tide of moderate prosperity which lasted until 1918. Since then her history has been that of the country as a whole, complicated by the slow strangulation of the commerce of Boston Harbor through causes which are too intricate to be discussed here.

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Is the race of the Yankees dying out? Does its vigor dwindle with its numbers in these evil latter days?

If you would enjoy an evening of fevered debate, propound the question in a Back Bay drawing-room. The intelligent Bostonian of the old stock is self-analytical. In him the inhibitions of the Puritan neurosis strike so deep that he cannot defend himself whole-heartedly; his response to the challenge is to place himself at once, for speculative purposes only, on the side of his opponent. But the very warmth with which he discusses his own decadence has in it a certain secret defiance. One sees lurking rather wistfully behind his judicial calmness, the round and thumping "No!"

Yet it is true that broadly speaking the Boston of strong men who played fearlessly with their own and others' money, risking it in adventure on the high seas or the western plains, has marched offstage and has been succeeded by a Boston of checks and balances, of trust funds, of carefully purchased annuities on which elderly spinsters, male and female, are supported while they lead delicately attenuated cup-and-saucer lives. To be sure, any quantity of exceptions exist. It is impossible to do justice in the twice-compact limits of an article to the contributions made in the present generation by the sons of old Boston to the nation's political life, her literature, her scholarship. There are scores of men of the type represented in education by Dr. Eliot, in medicine by Dr. Cabot, in the law by Mr. Holmes and Mr. Brandeis (the latter of whom, though he is a Jew and from Boston's point of view an outlander, having been born in Kentucky, seems to me to have caught as have few men of this generation the meaning of what is best in the Puritan tradition).

My point is by no means that the Boston Yankee no longer counts; I ask the question whether he counts as completely as we have the right to expect him to in view of the New England contribution to American life in the past?

For example: Those bold men of the codfish aristocracy who proudly put their gilded divinity into the State House turned to the open west when they could no longer send their fortunes down to the sea in ships. Boston money built a dozen important railroads during the decades after the Civil War; those railroads were not only owned, but run, by Boston. Yet today only a few pathetic miles of track in the Middle West represent what is left of Boston's railroad glory. Even the very list of Bostonians who have gone to New York or Washington and carved substantial careers, is a mute confession that the home stock has been weakened to a corresponding extent.

Yet with it all, the Yankee who is left in Boston today has by no means done badly with his heritage. Trust funds and government bonds are not romantic, but they exist, they produce the dividend checks on which one may continue whatever part one chooses of the ancestral program of plain living and high thinking. The business houses which came by inheritance into the hands of the present day Yankees remain prosperous. If their growth is slow—as slow as that of the population—it is none the less steady. And to ride on the accumulated momentum created by one's fathers dead and gone is a very pleasant sort of existence. While it is true that the banks and most of the substantial business houses remain in the hands of the Yankees, this statement should not be interpreted as implying a beleaguered fortress, hard pressed by the importunate Kelt. After all, the Irish are a race of romantic poets; it is quite possible that they don't want to be fettered to a steel safe. Even if they did, they are confronted by the tendency of the status quo to maintain itself. The Yankees were there first; they had already started everything startable. The ease with which Mr. Ponzi raked in his incredible millions shows to what extent the financial education of the immigrant had been neglected; there were, I am informed, hardly any representatives of the old Anglo-Saxons among his dupes. Political control the Yankee may lose, and has; the moral ascendency which lets him set the tone for the community may slip from his relaxed and sophisticated fingers; but he keeps a firm grip on the money bag—not an undignified, not a covetous grip, but one that does not let go.

In the matter of formal society also, there are very few concessions. The social register contains practically no Irish names nor those of any other recent arrivals (using "recent" in its Back Bay meaning of "less than two hundred years"). The protagonist for the Back Bay carefully tells you that the aristocracy thus delimited is not social, but intellectual, in its character. Anyone can get into the sacred circle of the Brahmin, he insists, who will adopt the Brahmin's standards. He has an elaborate theory that the reason the Irish are so utterly omitted is that they don't want to come in; and it is true that the latter have built up a colorful and interesting social life of their own largely centred about the Roman Catholic Church.

Thus far there has been comparatively little inter-marriage between the two groups, though it seems unlikely that this condition can last. Harvard University, which is looked upon by the Yankee aristocracy very much as though it were a faithful

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old family retainer, admits anyone who can pay the price in brains—and some who can't. One never knows when the lean and spectacled young Yankee undergraduate may discover at Wellesley the pretty black-haired daughter of the Irish ward leader, and, youth being youth even in Boston, may bring her home a bride to his dismayed but helpless family. Higher education in the rôle of liaison officer between alien races is not an unfamiliar phenomenon.

It is characteristic of the Puritan's stubborn grandchildren that even though superior numbers of the foe foredoom them to certain defeat, they refuse to give up the political struggle. Yankee after Yankee assured me that no one save an Irishman and probably a Roman Catholic, may hope to be a future mayor of Boston. Yet in the same breath they would speak with kindling eye of the next big fight and point out the errors in strategy which perhaps lost the last one.

The State Legislature is still in the Yankee's hands, and in its membership is more than one young man of the old stock who is mentioned as a person from whom great things may be expected. The same canny instinct for self-preservation which has helped to keep the banks out of the hands of the Irish, has caused many of the municipal affairs of Boston to be reserved to the legislature. Mayor Curley told me that "not another big city in America, Sir, is prevented by law from fixing its own tax rate." His voice trembled with indignation, but it seemed to me the artificial indignation appropriate to the occasion. I could not help feeling that at heart he, an Irishman, and the most romantic of his race, was not in the least surprised to have the cold Yankees run his fiscal affairs for him.

Summing up the tangible factors with the intangible. In spite of the items of compensation I have enumerated, I think it is fair to say that Yankee Boston in 1922 is a group in frustration; frustrated by the spiritual limitations which surround the grandchildren of robust pioneers; frustrated by the psychology of an older, more sophisticated and effete civilization which is being shouldered aside by a younger, hardier and more ruthless group. But don't ask me to prove this—one must have been born in Boston and lived there not less than sixty years to speak with authority. The best the journalist can do is to show the interplay between Yankee and Irishman as it is revealed in the political and social struggle; and this task I shall attempt in the subsequent articles in this series.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

France and the Other France

"WHAT has happened to France?" I can imagine our American friends asking this question as they fail, somehow, to find their France, the France they have always loved, the France for which they were willing to fight in her hour of peril, in the recent utterances of our statesmen.

The voice of that France you surely did not recognize in M. Briand's speech at Washington—a speech that to us Frenchmen seemed remarkable in two respects: it was unusually readable for an orator as a rule so slovenly; and incredibly tactless for a diplomat ordinarily so adroit. Nor do you recognize it in the writings of M. Poincaré, who is so busily and obstinately engaged in waving promissory notes and commission reports in the face of the plainest truths of economic law. And our parliament, the "mouthpiece of French democracy," where by virtue of a law of so-called "proportional representation" a majority of deputies represents a minority of voters; where reaction is strong enough to block action, but not courageous enough to carry out its own program; where numerous men of goodwill seem reduced to impotence, while those who are in a position to do things seem strangers to the elements of decency! And our newspapers! Here, for instance, is the Temps, which, so long as the Tsar was powerful and rich, stood ever ready to demand Constantinople for Russia, on the same principle of nationality it now more successfully invokes against England to the profit of the Turks! And here is the Matin, our specialist in flim-flam, which in 1918 estimated German obligations to France at from 600 to 800 billions! And here are our other metropolitan papers, the tools of this or that nucleus of finance just as given to big talk, just as silly, just as fatuous!

Peoples, it has been said, have the governments they deserve—an epigram we were only too ready of yore to quote against Germany. But, like all epigrams, it is a half-truth, at best. With the daily routine of government, peoples have no concern; and even in a republic like ours, a republic, that has "won its stripes" in the cause of democracy, the "people" just stands around looking on, a spectator dissatisfied with the show and sceptical of the "stars" on the stage, but grumbling, when he grumbles, to himself. Let us not, on that account, lose faith in the democratic ideal! In spite of its braggart phraseology, democracy is still young and inexperienced. And despite its evident defects, it has the saving advantage that, in days of crisis, the "people" does step forward in defence of decency, and does find a way to conserve

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national honor and the real interests of a country. Now this is true of the French people—a people rich in humanity, and rich in good sense.

To be sure, during the war, it was possible to educate Frenchmen in the holiness of hatred—even the philosophers of pacifism thought that necessary for an energetic national defence. But hatred cannot last, with us. It is too much at variance with the good nature transpiring from all our popular literature, and with the teaching which our liberal University and our democratic laic public schools, have been imparting for two generations past. Go to our "bloody zone," the devastated regions of northern France. There you will find that hatred disappeared even sooner than the material debris of the war.

At the last convention held by the "League for the Rights of Man," a story went the rounds. Late in the year 1920, a German schoolmaster in Berlin, who lost a boy in the fighting around Soissons, felt moved to pay a visit to his son's grave. The German foreign office tried to dissuade him. The Paris Embassy wrote: "Such a trip would be unwise. The people thereabouts suffered a great deal at our hands; we cannot be sure of the treatment a German might receive." He went, just the same, making his way to a little village that had literally been blown off the map. Anyone who has visited one of those ruined towns will have some sense of the impression he received on first coming in contact with such appalling desolation. However, he stepped up to a dug-out inhabited by returning refugees. "Excuse me," he explained. "I mean no offence but—I am a German. I am looking for a grave. I lost my boy." "Come right in, monsieur! So did we! So did we!" Another case less touching, perhaps, but just as indicative of the superiority of the French people over official, and ministerial, patriotism: the C. G. T. circularized some villages of the Somme to see if they would accept German labor in the rebuilding of their barns and dwellings. The vote showed an overwhelming majority in favor of acceptance. Panic at the prefecture and panic in the ministry at Paris! The prefect interfered, laid down prohibitive conditions for the employment of German laborers, quashed the vote, and ordered a new referendum! Still forty-nine percent of the ballots were in favor of acceptance! Where official Paris could see nothing but "Germans," the humble people of our farms saw only toilers like themselves.

And our people is as solid in common sense as it is warm with humanity. It will soon understand the plain teaching of facts. M. de Freycinet, our former Minister of War, used to say that "strategy, also, is a matter of good sense." This is just as true of political economy. Some day in the near future even our dullest peasant will realize that a limitless debt destroys the credit of the debtor even before he has paid a cent. What right have we to believe this? It is important for our friends abroad to remember that French civic activity takes place, for the most part, outside the channels of political parties. The Frenchman is an individualist, jealous of his freedom of thought and action, loath to be herded, recalcitrant to regimentation. Even the Socialist party, the only group on the Left that was ever compactly organized, is at present a chaos of factions. That is why, in seeking expressions of French popular intelligence, we must look beyond political and official circles. And so seeking, what do we find?

We find Socialists, for one thing, somewhat bewildered still by the loss of Jaurès, somewhat confused by the advent of Lenin, but Socialists just the same, deeply devoted to "democratic action," and only too ready to return united to their best, their real, traditions the moment a favorable opportunity offers.

The refuge of our active democrats, in the second place, is the "League for the Rights of Man," an association born of the Dreyfus affair, and inclined to find a new "affair" in every triumph of public iniquity. The "League" has one hundred thousand members scattered throughout the country and led by the liberal professors of the Sorbonne, every one of whom is sincerely devoted to peace. It is interesting that while, in 1920, the "League" rejected my resolution condemning the Treaty of Versailles as against the honor and best interests of France, its opinions have so far evolved by the time of its convention the following year that it passed a similar resolution quite readily. The "League" is working to reestablish intellectual relations between France and Germany. It has just welcomed a delegation from the Neues Vaterland, with the cooperation also of the Jeune République (from which Pius X, in a fury of anti-modernism, compelled French liberal Catholics to resign). The League's campaign for the use of German labor in French reconstruction (on the theory that if Germany is poor in money she is rich in man-power) may be unpractical unless it is accompanied by a demand for Treaty revision; but it is none the less courageous, in view of the powerful interests the League is thus brought to oppose.

A step farther "to the Left," comes Clarté, inspired by Romain Rolland, and directed by Henri Barbusse. Clarté appeals especially to the "expoilus," men whose "war record is straight," but who are now combatting militarism with hardly less élan than they showed in the trenches.

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How is it, besides, that a "journal of opinion" such as the Progrès Civique has reached a circulation of 80,000 in less than two years? A weekly paper, noted for the careful detachment of its outlook on international affairs, it was not afraid to publish (as the Cahiers of the "League" also published) the significant pages of M. Caillaux's book, where the ex-Premier, following Mr. Keynes, gave wise counsel to the nation on the question of reducing the German debt. M. Caillaux may be a man of disquieting personal character; but no one denies the keenness of his intellect. His point was that "economic verity would eventually triumph through the good sense of the French masses."

The smaller circulation of the justly famous Europe Nouvelle is due to its narrower field—the documentation of French foreign policy, along with serious and scholarly comment. Americans may not be so familiar with the Ere Nouvelle, a non-Socialist liberal daily. Le Populaire is now the organ of the Reformist Socialists, while Humanité speaks for the Communists. All three of these papers discuss foreign policy freely and without cant; but the first two have small circulations, while Humanité is too much absorbed in questions of party and factional politics. To find a really independent and self-sustaining press one must turn, as we say, "to the provinces," where the liberal newspapers have a circulation of well over a million.

Finally there is the rank and file of the teaching profession, which reaches into our most backward hamlets with its ardent democratic faith. It is a curious fact that most of our "advanced" publications come from teachers in our elementary schools, teachers who were born and bred on the simple formulae of "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" and who, for two generations now, have been considering it their duty to instil those liberal formulae into the youth of France.

A remarkable transformation in French public opinion is evident if we measure it over a certain length of time. Before Mr. Keynes' book gave courage to those who found the Treaty of Versailles unjust and unwise, to protest against that treaty was to be labelled, at the mildest, an "avocat de l'Allemagne." Now you can protest all you wish, and you will be listened to. To be sure, there is plenty of prudence and of "playing safe" in the liberal expressions referred to. Only the more enlightened elements in the public have reached positive conclusions in favor of a moderate foreign policy. Those who violated the pledge of the armistice and became the authors and defenders of the Treaty, naturally raise the cry of "justice" as their supreme recourse. They point to the busy factories across the Rhine: "Eh quoi! Shall we let Germany rebuild her ships, dig new canals, recorner the foreign market—and leave us with devastated provinces on our hands?" After all, however, experience is the best teacher; and this "Poincaré experience" may be the most instructive and decisive of all; but on one condition nevertheless; that the French people be brought to understand that the universal disapprobation of which France is at present victim because of her foreign policy is attended by a real desire on the part of other nations for world collaboration.

France is at once a creditor and a debtor, and in enormous sums on either hand. Our people must be convinced that all this eagerness for unselfishness and disinterestedness on our part is not a scheme for reducing the credit side of our balance sheet only. Before the war, a good-natured and naïve Frenchman, M. Naquet (he was the author of our divorce law) proposed that France be the first to disarm, the only one to disarm, if necessary, that she throw her defenceless frontiers in the face of her rapacious neighbors. Now anyone daring to propose moderation to our public would be laughed at as roundly as was M. Naquet, unless he were able to advance a workable scheme of international solidarity as a substitute for the system of international blackmail at present prevailing in more than one foreign office.

If every nation "stands pat," the Poincaré idea, however perilous, is unassailably sound: just let things slide, let the rich nations rot in unemployment and the ruined nations stay ruined; just sabotage conferences, and—Treaty in hand—poison the world with difficulty on difficulty; in short, revise the Treaty profitably by applying it mercilessly! This may be a policy of discord, but it has gained this much for France: that Britain is less keen for hogging it all as she goes from London to Cannes (and it is still a long way from Cannes to Genoa!) A policy fraught with war and ruin, yet an inevitable policy, if it were not possible to argue cogently: "No, in England, in the United States, in Europe, everywhere, there are millions of real democrats, millions of people who earnestly desire peace, a peace that comes from the heart as well as from diplomatic agreements. Let us do our share in France! They will do theirs, in the other countries." The farmers, the workers, the merchants, the intellectuals, the scholars, all plain men the world over, are as willing to pay the price of peace as they are reconciled to paying the price of war. The moment has come for combined action on the part of the liberals of the world! When humanity itself is ready, it will be evident that France considers herself only a province of humanity!

LÉON THOMAS.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Russia's Sacrifice for the Famine

SIR: In a recent number of yours, discussing Mr. Hoover's claim that the gifts secured through him will now block Russian transport for months to come and that therefore nothing more is needed, you call deserved attention to the fact that the Don and the Volga will soon be free for steamers. You also quote his claim to have raised some $47,000,000 as opposed to about $2,000,000 from all other sources, and you note that his amount includes some ten million from the Soviet government (possibly the $47,000,000 is not the exact amount; I have lent my copy of the New Republic).

These are good comments as far as they go, but there are still other facts that may not have come to your attention. Not only has the Soviet government explicitly denied its inability to handle much larger amounts of grain through its ports, but in addition to grain received through ports, there are large shipments being made at present from Rumania, the most direct possible way of giving grain to the famine area, and the way used by Nansen and for certain shipments of the English Friends. Rumania has the harvests of two years in her granaries, and has rail connections straight into the famine regions. These stores of grain cannot be utilized by Mr. Hoover, it is true, since his plan is not only to help the Volga, but also the American farmers. But organizations whose sole aim is to buy and transport grain as quickly as possible to the Volga, can do it in this way. Transport through Poland is also possible, and during the brief time when the Baltic was frozen, the English Friends made arrangements to ship this way, but found it unnecessary, as the Baltic ports soon opened again. This transport through Poland is not very convenient, except for grain bought in Poland or Rumania, as trans-shipment at the border is necessary, owing to a different gauge of railway. Such transfer is, however, no more serious than that at any port, and while it would be inconvenient for grain bought in America, it is quite feasible for such organizations as Nansen's, the English Friends or the Russian Red Cross, which buy wherever they can.

Regarding the statement that Mr. Hoover has given so much more than all other agencies, this is true as far as foreign relief is concerned; but there seems need of letting people know again how much the Russian government itself is doing. I enclose the following report, made by the Soviet government to the International Relief Committee, (a committee in Moscow composed of representatives of every relief agency operating in the famine area), and covering *only 1921:*

	FIGURES IN ENGLISH POUNDS STERLING
Seed for autumn sowing	3,036,000
Seed for spring sowing	7,688,000
General food-stuffs	
200,000 tons grain	3,000,000
67,000 tons meat	1,000,000
160,000 tons potatoes	750,000
108,340 tons vegetables	812,000
6,870 tons salt	25,000
2,334 tons sugar	210,000
Spent on public works for famine districts to give employment	142,000
Seed potatoes to famine area	320,000
Evacuation from famine area up to December 1, 1921, at 1 pound per head	875,000
Monetary relief in November and December	302,000
Central Relief Committees expenditure for October and December	117,000
Total official state contribution	18,277,000

This amount, about eighty million gold dollars, does *not* include the ten million allocated to grain purchases through Hoover in the United States, nor does it include the tremendous cost of transporting and administering the foreign relief supplies, a cost as great as the foreign relief supplies themselves. For instance, in connection with the relief sent by Mr. Hoover, the A. R. A. pays for the food delivered into Baltic ports and for the salaries of the small number of American workers supervising it. The Soviet government pays rail transportation, warehousing, guarding, insuring, all expenses of offices and warehouses all over Russia for all A. R. A. workers, and horse or motor transport into the remotest villages, as well as the equipping of village kitchens, the personnel managing them, the rooms in which they are held, and all wages of Russian helpers in the A. R. A. central offices, including interpreters and workers of every variety. There are dozens of Russian helpers for every American, in the central and district offices, and if the village workers are included and the drivers of horses, then there are hundreds if not thousands for every American. All this extra cost is borne by the Russians, some directly by the central government, and some by local governments assisted when necessary from the central government. It was estimated that the large shipment of grain coming from the American Congress would require in the Samara province alone, an additional 116,000 horses to transport and deliver; all this is done by the Russians.

The above list also takes no account of the sums spent for medical relief and quarantine by the Soviet government, personnel, and upkeep of hospitals; nor yet of the agricultural reconstruction now going on,—some seventy large tractors dragging about ten ploughs each being already at work in the Samara district alone, to make up for the great loss of live-stock. The Russian estimate is therefore that the sum total of foreign relief, including the $20,000,000 from Congress, is between one-fourth and one-half the amount spent by the Russian central government, and is a much smaller proportion of the total relief provided by Russia altogether, including local governments and the Russian people through their unions and cooperatives.

You may ask where the government of Russia got these vast sums to contribute. But you will note that most of the contributions were not in gold, but in grains and materials. These were the regular taxes of the Soviet government, collected last fall from the peasants in all parts of Russia where famine did not occur. And these figures show two things, first the extent to which the Soviet government has power to collect grain and taxes all over Russia; and secondly, the very great sacrifice made by the government of all its cherished plans. For the grain which should have gone to maintain government-owned industries, has gone to the famine; the grain which should have maintained government schools has gone to the famine; the grain which should have increased production in factories and mines,—has all gone to the famine. So the mines in the Urals are closed, or offered to foreign concessionaires; the factories which should be producing for the government are closed or given to private hands, and item after item in the program of development for which Russia has sacrificed and suffered for four years, has been abandoned, "strangled" as Lunarcharsky said of education, by the famine.

The sacrifices made by the communist government of their most cherished plans of reconstruction, are perhaps among the hardest of all sacrifices called for by the famine. But there have been the sacrifices of the individuals as well. All over Russia, Red Army regiments and civil service departments were giving, by vote of the members, a definite proportion of their own rations monthly to feed the Volga,—this when rations were the only currency in which they were paid. The cooperatives were giving a percentage of their turnover, and the communist party members were giving up all gold ornaments, such as wedding rings, to be melted for the famine.

Against all these gifts of Russia, the gift of America, large as it is in amount, is as nothing in sacrifice. For what is America's gift, in fact? It is the sending out of the country of corn which was being used for fuel; and it means that America is ten millions richer in gold than she was before. It was the relieving of American farmers by loans which will be distributed more widely over the entire population. It was a redistribution of money within America (not to mention the ten million in gold received from Russia,) in exactly the way in which redistribution was most urgently needed for the contentment of America itself. It was a sensible thing to do, and a worth while thing; but it was not half as great in actual amount, and not one-tenth as great in generosity and sacrifice, as the gift given by the Russian government and the Russian people.

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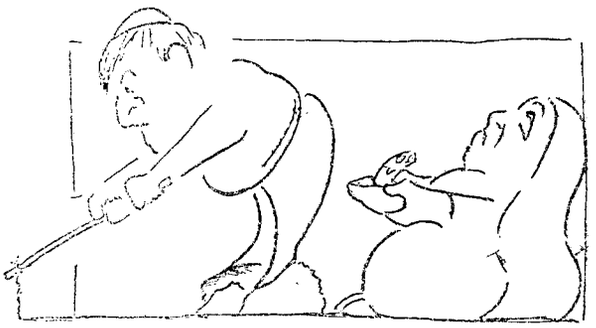
The Crow's Nest

THERE are minor and major commodities in the industrial world. Among minor commodities for instance are soap, salt and shoestrings. The major ones are such things as steel, oil, leather products, etc.

Similarly in the magazine world—art, criticism, politics, etc., are minor commodities. The important ones are fiction, dress-making patterns, and views of the jungle.

By jungle is meant any wild or supposedly inferior country, from Borneo to Bermuda—any distant and picturesque landscape. The principal jungle supply house is the National Geographic Magazine. Fiction writers and fiction

(*Continued on page* 283)



RESOURCEFUL MAGNESIANS

The natives of Lower Magnesia decline to till the fertile soil of their meadows, and insist upon fishing instead, in pools left by the rain. In this picture a stately Magnesienne is supervising her old husband's efforts, and patiently saying her prayers to heaven for his success. The size of the empty fish-bowl which she is holding, however, indicates the moderate nature of her expectations. The one fish already in the bowl is a small china fish, which is said to be helpful in inducing the real fish to bite, on the same principle that china eggs or door-knobs are put before hens.

FRIENDLY PEASANT *(right)*

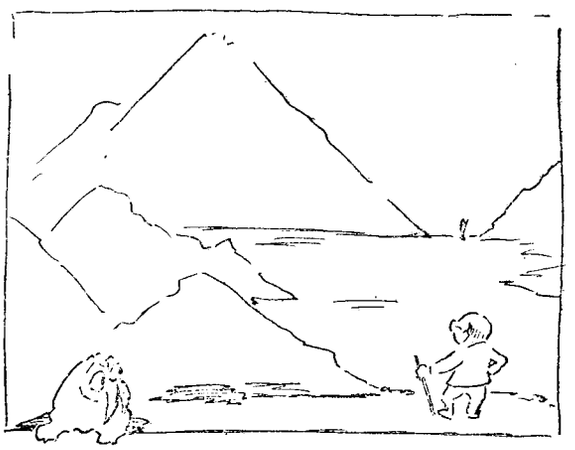
Young Georgette maiden, in the national gala costume (worn only at galas) roguishly lifting her skirt. The country women of these ancient valleys are exceedingly playful, and they eagerly exhibit their frank but innocent liking for strangers.

LIGHTHEARTED SLAVE-GIRL *(left)*

This obliging child has been sold to an old mountain chief, and she thinks nothing of carrying up his meals to him three times a day. By the way, note the propriety of her costume, in contrast with the inadequate loin-cloth, so often exhibited. It is entirely possible for any right-minded explorer to explore only the territories of modest tribes that cover their bodies, and thus to avoid taking the repulsive photographs sometimes thrust on the public.

IN THE TRANQUIL EAST

Many of the Scryabine Llamas now own American motor cars, in which they take their wives for a drive in the neighboring deserts. The priest in the picture is passing through the black Gorge of Mencken, the awe-inspiring aspects of which are at all times impressive.



BEYOND THE UTTERMOST HILLS

On the shores of Lake Sapphire, with majestic Mount Soarer rising (majestically) from the lake's further shore. These lonely regions are inhabited only by the subterranean walrus, which lives upon tubes of raw kolynos, and knopfs from the lake. This lovely body of water is now to be called Lake Twenty-first Street, in honor of the office where the expedition had its New York headquarters.

STARTING HOME

After months of important scientific achievement and photograph taking, it is a pleasure as well as a duty to face homeward at last. This view shows the New Republic party, with its tents, personal baggage and trophies, leaving the venerable City of Resinol, through the East Gate, on donkey-back. These patient sore-footed beasts will carry any load, in the Orient.

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magazines are apt to be hit by hard times, but dress-making patterns and the jungle have a good, steady market. Most periodicals lost many subscribers during the recent depression. The sales of the National Geographic hardly showed it at all. Readers economized not only on fiction but even dress-making patterns, and of course they cut out critical and political organs immediately, but they continued to feel insatiable for a look at the jungle each month.

The reason, the cause for this, is not entirely clear. It is the same old jungle—there is always that native girl with a thick nose and long swinging breasts, staring at us with a sullen expression, while we look at her with the same. Sometimes she is supposed to be in Burmah, sometimes Matabeleville; sometimes a man sits near her, making bread by rubbing his old hat on stones; sometimes they have eaten the bread and are climbing a pass in the background, with groans. But whatever they're doing, we keep right on wanting to see them.

It's like going to the menagerie or the circus. This jungling gets us away from our ruts.

. . . .

The National Geographic has no copyright on the jungle, however. If scenes of distant regions are as necessary as that to the public, the New Republic is quite as well able to supply them as others. It is regrettable to interrupt the stream of thought to look at such pictures, but after all, their educational value should not be forgotten. We present some herewith. At first sight the educational value of spending the evening faithfully staring at these little scenes may not be plain. But the point is, if enough people do it, it may draw us together. If East and West thus will meet regularly, it may make us all brothers. Our new brothers need our kindly interest, also disinfectants; and we in turn need *their* good qualities, assuming they have some. But all that will come in due course. This is but a beginning.

CLARENCE DAY, JR.

Song of Praise for Not Being a Poet

I have heard fountains singing in the grass
I have seen rainbows thrilling to the sun
I have felt south winds dancing as they pass
All joy is one!

I have touched heaven's radiance with a star
I have drunk earth's brown vintage with a tree
I have plucked splendors where the lightnings are
Beauty is free!

I have chased angels on a sea gull's wing
I have learned laughter from the spinning spheres;
Yet I who am no poet need not sing
Or care who hears!

Ah, happy is the owner of the sky
Who is not exiled by the flaming sword
To seek the phrase that paints it till he die,
Slave of the Word.

ANNE O'HARE MCCORMICK.

The Flower in Drama

The Nō Plays of Japan, translated by Arthur Waley. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $5.00.

THE stand that the Nō Plays take on actuality is shown best by their ghosts. In nearly every one of these plays that Mr. Waley has chosen from the several hundred in existence, the leading character of the piece is a ghost, is not the hero or the heroine about whose life and deeds the play is made, but an apparition.

Seami, who was born in 1363 and who with his father stands at the head of the Nō, taught his pupils that in imitation there should always be a tinge of the unlike. And to his mind the reason for this is that if we press imitation too far, it will impinge on reality and will cease to give an impression of likeness. If one aims at only the beautiful, the flower, as he calls it, will be sure to appear. If, for example, in the part of an old man the actor merely because he has noticed that old men walk with bent backs and crooked knees and have shrunken frames, sets about to imitate these characteristics, he may indeed achieve an effect of decrepitude but it will be at the expense of the flower. And if the flower be lacking there will be no beauty in the impersonation. What this actor should study, Seami says, is that effect of will without the corresponding capacity for action that shows in old age; and this effect will often be given best by making all movements a little late so that they come after the musical beat. With this in mind the actor may then be as lively as he pleases. For an example of this search for the flower and not for the exact imitation in a play, take the Miidera. The mother crazed by the loss of her little boy who has strayed away, is drawn by the sound of the bell over the lake and valley to its temple, where she finds the priests in the garden gazing at the autumn moon, the little boy among them. She is at length allowed to toll the bell herself, and she and her little son recognize each other. In this play everything turns on the sound of the bell, its power over the heart, its memory, its gentleness. But in the presentation, since so much depends upon all that, there is no attempt to represent the bell, only the movement of tolling it is given.

All this is summed up in the ghosts. It is better, the Nō artists believe, to have the hero come again to this life, drawn by some depth of desire in him or in someone in the living world below; for in this way reality is avoided, the outward form is that of a ghost but within is the heart of a man; and out of this heart the actors can draw for the matter of their art those dreams and passions, that sorrow and pride and fate, whose poignant energy were the life of the hero's body when he lived and after death the life of his soul. Freed in this way of the actual reality, the artist works only through the imagination as he chooses, aiming only at the beautiful.

Of the distinction, the flower of these Nōs, Mr. Waley seems to me in his translations to have caught a great deal. Only in one respect does he seem lacking—and it is a great lack—the musical values of the lines; he does not seem to me to have an ear either fine or sensitive enough for the poetic necessities of the best passages. Otherwise it must be said that his selections are admirably varied; the short introductory notes appear where they are truly needed and nowhere else; the original quality of the Nō mind is respected; and the restraint and taste of the original beautifully set forth in their English transcription, no easy

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achievement. These Nō plays that Mr. Waley has given us, supply, too, an indispensable commentary on Greek drama, its ritualistic nature, the chorus, the lyrical developments, and the heroic character of the rôles—to take the phrase strictly in the classical sense of the sublimation of the instincts of the multitude in one heroic breast.

The Nōs begin with the entrance of the assistant, the waki, the second character, who names himself, his origin, his destination at the moment. Then comes the Song of Travel, faintly drawn like an old painting on silk, to quicken the imagination so that we may travel with the speaker and be ready at last for the heroic entry. Then comes the shite, the central character, or rather the ghost of him, and tells his story. There the first part of the drama closes. In the second part the hero lives through again his great moment, the climax of his glory or sorrow or last struggle. The chorus, which has been assisting the leading actor when the words interfered with his dance movements, chants a song then that will give us some poem that emerges from the story; and the hero fades from the stage.

The subjects for the Nō are widely diverse. There is the Atsumori, in which the ghost of the young hero tells of his last fight, how he turned back his horse knee-deep in the lashing waves and struck at his enemy, and how afterward they found him lying on the shore, beside him his bamboo flute wrapped in brocade. Or there is the play about Tsunemasa, Atsumori's brother, who had died at the same battle, to whom the Emperor had given a lute called the Green Hill. And now Gyōkei the priest is taking the lute by his master's orders to dedicate it to Buddha, performing then a liturgy of flutes and strings for the salvation of Tsunemasa's soul. In the flame of the candle burning low in the almost spent night the musicians see a shadow dimly appearing, like haze over the fields, they say; it is the ghost of Tsunemasa drawn back to the world by the sound of the strings. And though they cannot see him do it in the faint light, they feel him pluck the lutestrings and hear the sound of rain beating on trees and grass. In the Kagekiyo there is the exquisite motive where the unhappy girl, whose sleeve is like a flower wet with rain, and who has come to seek her father, once a hero, now a filthy outcast, to ease his shame asks him to recite the story of his great deeds at Yashima. There is the plot of the Nachi No Ki, where the hero fallen to poverty cuts down the sole treasures left to him, his three dwarf trees, the pine, cherry and plum, to warm a traveller, who turns out later to be the Emperor. Or there is the terrific story of Komachi, once a court beauty, but scornful of her lovers, and now wandering, cursed, old, foul, mad. Or the Hoka priests who avenge their father's murder. And there are plays turning on the lives of children, happy some of them, others bitter and sad. But whatever the subject they are seen in a vision the Nōs, seen always poetically. They illustrate continuously the process by which the poetic mind expresses one part of the world in terms of another; establishes the one thing in terms of the whole, catches the whole in some one happy instance; and thus reveals that kind of anthiphonal radiance of all things among themselves which poetry is.

But it is by all odds the security of their essential character that makes these plays most interesting. Nine out of every ten of them, however good or bad otherwise, maintain this essential character of dramatic design. They evince a remarkable proportionment of words, movement, scenic stage details, an emphasis and a pattern of their own; and through all this they attain to a singular freedom. Through this they are apart from all immediacy. Through this they depend on no direct attack on our emotions but are enabled to avoid it—"in plays," Sieami says, in his book on the Nō, "where a lost child is found by its parents the writer should not introduce a scene where they clutch and cling to one another, sobbing and weeping . . . plays in which children occur, even if well done, are always apt to make the audience exclaim in disgust, 'Don't harrow our feelings in this way.'" Through this security of an essential character of their own, these plays are as independent as a print of Hokusai's. All reality of men and actions and material objects is made to become theirs before these plays can use them, to suffer translation into their own terms; men and actions and objective realities, inns, palaces, temples, waysides, thrones, are turned into dreams, and dreams into reality; the human face in characters where a due degree of emotion will be passed, is hidden under the motionless and subtle incantation of the mask; and even the identity of the actor hero himself is translated into the convention of the chorus, who take his words from him and speak them for him when the fit moment comes. And whether we think them great works or not, we should have to be very ignorant of the fundamentals of dramatic art not to see the singularity and integrity of these plays so securely achieved that they need no heavier device than the dropping of the flutenote at the end of a phrase, which always before went up not down, to show that the scene is ended. And finally, to leave aside the dramatic essence and the rest of it, there is something in the general, all-round quality of these old pieces that is itself like a flutenote, and that is like the oldest painting of China, from whose poetry in fact the poetry of the Nō derives: a kind of strange, high, meagre delicacy and fortitude of the heart.

STARK YOUNG.

Her Voice

Her eyes have already transfixed him,
and it only remains for her mouth
to transport him.

Her mouth just assumes the pert form
of a cross that is dimpled, then grave,
as she presses him on
to the next generation.

What thought can avail to revive him,
unless he should spy his own boy
building blocks,
his own girl playing house?

Herself will be busy with ferns, yes
and plants in old pots and old vases—
and she who might likewise be thinking
won't have to.

The night without, peopled with silent,
dark cypresses lured on to stars,
had her voice—
now the light of the dawn.

Having listened to that, now to this,
and grown slowly bereft of himself—
he is quiet.

ALFRED KREYMBORG.

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Books and Things

EVERYBODY who amuses himself with Johnson's Dictionary has read, under "cross-bow," Johnson's quotation from Boyle: "Testimony is like the shot of a long bow, which owes its efficiency to the force of the shooter; argument is like the shot of the cross-bow, equally forcible whether discharged by a giant or a dwarf."

Disenchantment, by C. E. Montague (London: Chatto and Windus, 7 shillings), being a book of testimony, not a book of argument, owes its efficiency to the force of the shooter. So it is worth while to remind oneself who C. E. Montague is. When the war broke out he was—he had been for a good many years—the chief leader writer on the Manchester Guardian. He enlisted in 1914, was made a sergeant in 1915, a lieutenant in 1916, a captain in 1917. He served in France, Belgium and Germany from 1915 to 1919. He was forty-seven when he enlisted. He is a mountaineer, a good one, a member of the Alpine Club. Readers of the Morning's War remember him as a lover of effort and danger in the open air. Captain Montague is one of those who "covet all things hard."

By this time—for it was published early in the year—many English reviewers must have had a go at Disenchantment. None of them, my guess would be, can have said the wrong thing in fewer words than somebody in the London Times, who found it a depressing book and one incapable of doing good. Upon reading that review I suspected, and now having reading Disenchantment I know, the reviewer to be a gentleman whose head Charles Lamb would have liked to feel. The most remarkable thing about Disenchantment is that while it "ought," as we say, to be depressing, it is in fact the reverse.

Strange that this should be so, for in Captain Montague's pages we begin by sharing the high hopes which drove the earliest volunteers into the army, by inhaling the upland air which blew tonic and keen across England in the first days of the war; we look on, while Captain Montague is adding incident to telltale incident, at the slow growth of disenchantment in the hearts of British privates and N. C. O.s, we see those hopes that were so high in the act of dwindling from less and less to almost nothing, we take our part in the process of many a generous faith's disaster. Of all these faiths, faith in the future that would be the present when the war should be over was the strongest and most wide-spread when the war broke out. It is the only one of which Captain Montague undertakes to give us a full-length picture. He does not attempt to measure the other beliefs, nor was such an attempt necessary to his purpose. He contents himself with tracing the spread of the British volunteer's disbelief in the old Regular Army—though never in its courage—in a Staff whose work "hung up whole platoons of our men, like old washing or scarecrows, to rot on uncut German wire"; in many military leaders, in the press, in the statesmen at home. As we read we see all this happening to private and N. C. O. We see an England in which now, at this moment, there are millions of men to whom this happened.

Nor does Captain Montague, being a wise man, try to tell us how many young and youngish Englishmen were in 1914, after one fashion or another, Christians; or what it was that they thought they believed, or what religion meant to any of them. He gives us, instead, bits of trench talk. Here and there we listen to soldiers describing their spiritual experiences, their mystic insights—things which they would not have recognized under these names, and which they called "rum goes" and "queer feels." In their talk "these inexpert people," these soldiers whose minds "had recovered in some degree the penetrative simplicity of a child's," could "bring each other up to the point of feeling that little rifts had opened here and there in the screens which are hung round the life of man on earth, and that they had peeped through into some large outer world that was strange only because they were used to a small and dim one. They were prepared and expectant. If any official religion could ever refine the gold out of all that rich alluvial drift of 'obstinate questionings of sense and outward things,' now was its time. No figure of speech, among all these that I have mixed, can give the measure of the greatness of that opportunity. Nobody used it."

In The Sheep that Were Not Fed, the chapter from which I have just been quoting, Captain Montague tells how this opportunity was missed. "Chaplains," he says, "abounded." They were of many kinds. "There was the hero and saint, T. B. Hardy, to whom a consuming passion of human brotherhood brought, as well as rarer things, the M. C., the D. C. O., the V. C., the unaccepted invitation of the King, when he saw Hardy in France, to come home as one of his own chaplains and live, and then the death which every one had seen to be certain." Yes, there were all sorts and conditions of chaplains, "there was, in great force, the large, healthy, pleasant young curate not severely importuned by a vocation," who was "a running fountain of good cigarettes," and who "gladly frequented the least healthy parts of the line." These, says Captain Montague, "were solid merits. And yet there was something about this type of chaplain—he had his counterpart in all the churches—with which the common men-at-arms would privily and temperately find a little fault. He seemed to be only too much afraid of having it thought that he was anything more than one of themselves. He had, with a vengeance, 'no clerical nonsense about him.' The vigor with which he threw off the parson and put on the man and the brother did not always strike the original men and brothers as it was intended. Your virilist chaplain was apt to overdo, to their mind, his jolly implied disclaimers of any compromising connection with kingdoms not of this world. For one thing, he was, for the taste of people versed in carnage, a shade too fussily blood-thirsty. . . . In the whole blood-and-iron province of talk he would not only outshine any actual combatant . . . . but he would outshine any colonel who lived at a base."

This justice done to the chaplains is characteristic of Disenchantment everywhere. Captain Montague is an example of what love of fair play may grow into when it strikes root in somebody whose senses are keen and who has a searching, assaying, generous mind. In him love of fair play has become a passion for equity. There is good humor in his scorn and humor even in his chivalry. He combines a hatred of war with a decided preference, when he has only himself to think of, for the tightest places.

In a chapter called Any Cure? Captain Montague speaks of the alternative before "the man who has gone off the rails on matters of conduct," and who has a bad habit to conquer or be killed by: "Disease and imbecility and an early and ignoble death, or else that stoic facing, through interminable days, of an easily escapable dullness that may be anything from an ache up to an agony. That is about where we stand as a nation." It is a faith that the necessary effort and stoicism will be forthcoming that makes Disenchantment an indomitable book. Its energy and beauty make its indomitable spirit contagious. P. L.

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Public Opinion

Public Opinion, by Walter Lippmann. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co. $2.75.

MR. LIPPMANN has written a book which so carries the reader that critical judgment is difficult. Style and subject-matter are fused. I know of no modern book on politics where they are so completely one. As a consequence, its brilliancy does not impress one as fine writing; rather the material dealt with shines through. To read the book is an experience in illumination; no painter manages lights and shades better or uses color more dexterously to build up solid forms. The figures of the scene are so composed and so stand out, the manner of presentation is so objective and projective, that one finishes the book almost without realizing that it is perhaps the most effective indictment of democracy as currently conceived ever penned.

The book is so integral that it is its own summary. A reviewer finds himself in a dilemma. He must either make another summary which will be as dry and formal as Mr. Lippmann's is vital, or he must assume that the reader knows the book, and confine himself to stating his own impressionistic reactions. The former method upon the whole seems fairer to Mr. Lippmann, at least upon condition that the reader fills out the blank outline by personal acquaintance with the volume. I begin the outline with setting forth a point which Mr. Lippmann reaches only in his Part Six, called the Image of Democracy. Prior analysts have been content to take the existence of "a force called Public Opinion" for granted; they have been mainly concerned with finding out how it is translated into political action. "According to their traditions they have wished either to tame opinion or to obey it"—to make government responsive, or to keep it from subverting the ends of government. Mr. Lippmann raises the previous question: What is the actual nature of opinion, how is it formed, what forces does it reflect? And the result, reached by realistic analysis, is highly unfavorable. It indicates that public opinion is casual, the product of limited contact with the environment of facts and forces where opinion manifests itself in action, and that it is shaped chiefly by tradition, by stereotyped pictures, and by emotions, by personal interests unintelligently conceived.

The thinkers of the eighteenth century who designed the matrix of democracy were engaged in asserting, against the prejudices of ages, the dignity of human nature. To give the doctrine political effect, they had to invent a dogma, namely, that the free man is a legislator and administrator by nature. Public opinion must then be something which wells up spontaneously. All men possess the political instinct. Men are supposed to take in the necessary facts as they take in their breath. The founders ignored the fact that "the range of attention" is the main premise of political science. Consequently they built on sand. For their self-centred individual has to see the whole world through the medium of a few pictures in his head, while the world in which action takes place is enormously extensive and complex. Our founders of democratic dogma, like Thomas Jefferson, placed the self-centred person in a small self-contained community. The doctrine of the sovereignty of the people which was nurtured in townships extended itself to cover the national state. "The democratic ideal is therefore always trying to see a world where people are exclusively concerned with affairs of which the causes and effects all operate within the region they inhabit. Never has democratic theory been able to conceive itself in a context of a wide and unpredictable environment." Hence the aversion of democracy to foreign entanglements, even foreign trade. Hence its simple confidence in legalism, in static political theory. Every instinct has told democrats that security demands a simple and circumscribed area. The dogma of "the omnicompetent individual" demanded such an environment in order to be workable. But this basic picture in the head of democrats now corresponds even less than most of his other pictures to the realities of modern life. Hence the break down in the theory of a government worked by spontaneous public opinion; hence the need of finding a substitute for public opinion in an organized expert intelligence if democratic government is to be made workable. The problem is that of disentangling faith in the dignity of human nature, the need that every human being rise to his full stature, from the dogma that individuals can of themselves get the knowledge required to render democratic government effective and competent.

This statement of his conclusion ignores the analysis of public opinion by which Mr. Lippmann has reached it. Space permits only an enumeration of the headings of what is the most brilliant and successful part of the book: The World Outside and the Pictures in our Heads—a more significant statement of the genuine "problem of knowledge" than professional epistemological philosophers have managed to give; Approaches to the World Outside—a highly destructive account of the limitations of opinion due to constant censorship in keeping salient considerations private, of limits of opportunity in contact, of the brief time spent in reading about the events of the world; Stereotypes—an account of traditions and habits of mind that form the standing "categories" through which facts are received, illusions that have to do with defence, prestige, morality; deficiencies in recognition of extended space and enduring time spans, so that "real space, real time, real numbers, real connections, real weights are lost; the perspective and the background and the dimensions of action are clipped and frozen in the stereotype."

Then comes a part dealing with the relation of interest to the range of attention, the fact that a picture is not significant to us till it has enveloped some stress of our own personality, till we have identified ourselves with it. In this connection Mr. Lippmann paints a beautiful picture of the ways in which politicians currently secure this needed dramatic identification—methods which are anything but conducive to clearness and justice of thought. He also gives one of the best criticisms I have ever read of the doctrine of the economic determination of interest. Starting from the modern psychology of the complexity of character, and the failure of present education to perform the task of preparing individuals to meet and recognize types of character, including their own, he goes on to deal with the false simplifications of the dogma of self interest. If the latter exercised the influence which it ought to exercise according to theory, the problem of public opinion would be much more easy than it is. Economic position would divide mankind into definite classes and each class would have its own appropriate and coherent code. But in fact there is nothing about which men are more confused than their interests.

Part Five deals with the making of a common will, pointing out in a remorseless way how stereotypes are called into play and emotions enlisted by use of appeals

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and symbols which instead of forming opinion (if opinion has anything to do with thought) stand for a sort of truce between ideas and absence of understanding. "He who captures the symbols by which public feeling is for the moment contained, controls by that much the approaches of public policy." He then points out the mass does not really think out issues, but after having becoming habituated in childhood to authority, merely says Yes or No to the formulation of the issues made by a few persons—constituting the machine. For the latter is a necessity, not a mere perversity, since by "mass action nothing can be constructed, devised, negotiated, or administered." The machine forms and utilizes the symbol which "is both a mechanism of solidarity and a mechanism of exploitation." "All that is essential is that a program shall be verbally and emotionally connected *at the start* with what has become vocal in the multitude." The ulterior issues may remain hidden and the mass be led by the nose given the right start—as the war issues abundantly testify. Part Six has been already referred to; it contains also a chapter showing the rôle of force, patronage and privilege in creating the semblance of public opinion and common will. These chapters are an inestimable contribution to the technique of politics.

As already suggested, Mr. Lippmann's relentless and realistic analysis of the limitations of the pictures in our head about the environment and his account of the methods by which the privileged few supply a supplement and substitute, so skilfully that the mass still thinks that its opinions are valid and spontaneous, is the undeniably successful part of his book. The analysis is as unimpassioned as the diagnosis of a clinician, employing in an unobtrusive way all the resources of modern psychology. It shivers most of our illusions, and this particular Humpty Dumpty can never be put together again for anyone who reads these chapters with an open mind. The latter portion of the book deals with possible remedies, and this constructive portion is the part which may give pause to assent.

It contains two sections, one of which denies that newspapers can ever perform the office of enlightening and directing public opinion, while the other sketches a possible organization of expert intelligence which shall provide the few who are in actual control with the necessary data for formation of policies. The two sections are two sides of the same argument. In the popular view, the press is regarded as the organ of direct democracy. It is the Court of Public Opinion, open day and night, ready to lay down the law for everything all the time. Such a view, Mr. Lippmann holds to be not only unworkable, but unthinkable. The newspaper at the best is a searchlight moving restlessly about, bringing an episode here and there into the light. But society cannot be governed by "episodes, incidents and eruptions." The newspaper must get advertisers because readers will not pay for the news; to get advertisers it must get readers. To get readers it must defer to their own experiences and prejudices as setting the standard; it must adapt itself to their stereotypes.

The deeper cause of the inability of the press to be the organ for forming and reporting public opinion is that it deals with news, not with truth. "The function of news is to signalize an event; the function of truth is to bring to light the hidden facts to set them into relation with each other, and make a picture of reality on which men can act. Only at those points where social conditions take recognizable and measurable shape, do the body of truth and the body of news coincide." The press exists in a society where governing forces are imperfectly recorded; the press cannot record the forces; it can only record what the working of institutions has already recorded for it. Until institutions are better, till more of objective record and measurement are introduced into affairs the press will continue to the report of some aspect of underlying conditions and forces which has obtruded itself, and will confine itself to the exhibition of easy and striking fact adapted to the reader's interest and convenience. "The trouble lies deeper than the press and so does the remedy. It lies in social organization based on a system of analysis and record; in the abandonment of the theory of the omnicompetent citizen, in the decentralization of decision, in the coordination of decision by comparable record and analysis." Without this background, "prejudice, apathy, preference for the curious trivial as against the dull important, hunger for side-shows and the three-legged calf" will continue to play the rôle in the press which they play in life.

This introduces us to the positive remedy. By pressure of circumstances and natural selection, administrators and directing minds in industry have already surrounded themselves with a staff of statisticians, accountants, auditors, scientific managers, research men, etc. In fact, everybody but the social scientist has been called in. The social scientist will acquire dignity and confidence when he works out a method by which the directors of society can procure from him instruments of analysis by which "an invisible and most stupendously difficult environment can be made intelligible." The entering wedge exists. It must be driven home.

The first step is the organization of experts in politics and industry who will collect, analyze and coordinate material. This function is to be exercised wholly apart from decision, indeed with deliberate uncaring for the nature of decisions reached upon the basis of their data. The concept of the intelligence staff of the army is to be universalized. Each of the ten departments of the Cabinet at Washington should have it own intelligence section, with every provision for competition as well as coordination among them. The method is also applicable to state governments, cities and rural counties. The result would be a report of the unseen environment effective in overcoming subjectivism and neutral to prejudices. And it is the barriers which prejudice, ignorance and subjectivism put in the way of dealing rightly with an unseen environment which constitute the central difficulty of self-government. Organization of intelligence will accomplish what no reform in electoral methods, no shifting of the basis of representation from territorial to occupational, no change in the property system, can effect. The subjectivism of human experience based on the limitations of contact, tradition and interest is the real enemy and till that is overcome, "reforms" merely shift the too heavy burden from one spot to another.

What is the relation of this expert organization, functioning primarily for the benefit of the administrator and executive, to the public and its opinion? It is, in Mr. Lippmann's words, "an instrument for doing public business better, rather than an instrument for knowing better how badly public business is done." But indirectly the method will make the procedure of government and industry a matter of record, visibly accessible, and thus enable the public to pass more intelligent judgments upon the conduct of business and public affairs. The real interest of the public lies in insisting that problems shall *not*

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come before it until they have passed through a definite procedure of analysis and record. As matters now stand, every issue is hopelessly entangled in a snarl of emotions, stereotypes and irrelevant memories and associations. When issues are presented in a criticized and objective form, it is liberated from this tangle of subjective confusing context. "The enormous censoring, stereotyping and dramatizing apparatus will be liquidated." Gradually, moreover, a body of conceptions like those of science will be built up and these will become available for purposes of education. Future citizens, during their schooling, can then be taught an effective political psychology and science. The first will put them on their guard against the sources of error in ordinary opinion; the latter will provide the zest of conquest over the superstitions of the mind and give reason the force of passion.

I close the review as I closed the book with a feeling that in spite of its instructed, acute and comprehensive analysis, its critical portion is more successful than its constructive. This is a feeling and is given as such. Perhaps it is only a remnant of my own subjectivism about democracy which even Mr. Lippmann's treatment has not purged. But I venture two suggestions. One is that organized intelligence to be effective must be geared to the news even more basically than to administration. Mr. Lippmann seems to surrender the case for the press too readily —to assume too easily that what the press is it must continue to be. It is true that news must deal with events rather than with conditions and forces. It is true that the latter, *taken by themselves*, are too remote and abstract to make an appeal. Their record will be too dull and unsensational to reach the mass of readers. But there remains the possibility of treating news events in the light of a continuing study and record of underlying conditions. The union of social science, access to facts, and the art of literary presentation is not an easy thing to achieve. But its attainment seems to me the only genuine solution of the problem of an intelligent direction of social life. If the word "sensational" can be used in a good sense, it may be said that a competent treatment of the news of the day, one based upon continuing research and organization, would be more sensational than present methods afford. To see underlying forces moving in and through events seemingly casual and disjointed will give a thrill which no report confined to the superficial and detached incident can give. Given the opportunity, there would then be attracted to the task of supplying to the whole people an objective record of the news, an order of mind and artistic ability which will never be attracted to the comparatively closet work of experts who deal with administrators. The enlightenment of public opinion still seems to me to have priority over the enlightenment of officials and directors.

Of course, the expert organization for which Mr. Lippmann calls is inherently desirable. There is no questioning that fact. But his argument seems to me to exaggerate the importance of politics and political action, and also to evade the problem of how the latter is to be effectively directed by organized intelligence unless there is an accompanying direct enlightenment of popular opinion, as well as an ex post facto indirect instruction. When Mr. Lippmann states the danger of dry rot attending an expert, technical and closet organization, "red tape, mountains of papers, questionnaires ad nauseam, seven copies of every document, endorsements, delays, lost papers, the use of form 136 instead of form 29b etc.," he takes the wind out of the sails of a critic. But the one sure guarantee against this danger is the continuous reporting of the news as the truth, events signalized to be sure, but signals of hidden facts, of facts set in relation to one another, a picture of situations on which men can act intelligently. Mr. Lippmann has thrown into clearer relief than any other writer the fundamental difficulty of democracy. But the difficulty is so fundamental that it can be met, it seems to me, only by a solution more fundamental than he has dared to give. When necessity drives, invention and accomplishment may amazingly respond. Democracy demands a more thoroughgoing education than the education of officials, administrators and directors of industry. Because this fundamental general education is at once so necessary and so difficult of achievement, the enterprise of democracy is so challenging. To sidetrack it to the task of enlightenment of administrators and executives is to miss something of its range and its challenge.

JOHN DEWEY.

Birthright

Birthright, by T. S. Stribling. New York: The Century Co. $1.90.

FROM the Big Hill, which separates the white denizens of Hooker's Bend from the black, Mr. Stribling, though a white Tennesseean, views with the dispassionate eye of a local sparrow the panorama of life on Main Street and in Niggertown, only to stumble, finally, on an ethnological hypothesis which his Captain Renfrew will hail with an "I-told-you-so; niggers are *un*-moral." For though Birthright is primarily a novel, the fact that it is the first attempt to treat the Southern Negro seriously as well as artistically will mark it for sociological inspection.

The story is told in a series of photograph-like episodes, smoothly connected, but distinct in themselves; a few of them murky and badly developed, a few startlingly distinct in their revelation of Southern character and situation.

Peter Siner, after four years in Harvard, returns to Hooker's Bend, Tennessee, with the dream of founding there a second Tuskegee. His education fails to prevent his being swindled by the pious white banker in the purchase of a school site, or being worsted in a street brawl over a "cream-colored girl," Cissie Dildine. The two mishaps ruin his prestige and disillusion Peter. He is on the point of marrying Cissie and taking her to Chicago when, at the deathbed of his mother, he makes the acquaintance of Captain Renfrew, a patriarchal recluse and Harvard alumnus. Cissie, in an obscure confession, tells Peter that she cannot marry him because while he has learned to live by the moral code of the white man, she has continued by that of Niggertown. Wondering, Peter accepts his dismissal and again thinks of going North, but is stopped by Captain Renfrew's astonishing offer to make him his secretary and future heir. Except for the observation of the Southern sanctimony as to separate meals, they live as fellow alumni and Peter would be content were it not for the sight of Cissie, passing to and from her work in the Arkwright kitchen. Peter knows that he still loves her though she is, as he interpreted her confession, a thief. But when Cissie eventually comes to ask him to marry her and take her away, he refuses. He has had a second dream

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of helping his people, a Messianic vision in which he, a man with the blood of both races, shall go over the South, to white and black, pleading for tolerance and mutual help. The reaction of the Hooker's Bend citizens to his initial plea spoils that dream, too, so that when Cissie is arrested for stealing a brooch "put in her way" by the Arkwright boy, and is taken to jail "in a delicate fix"—for which the Arkwright boy is also responsible, Peter feels that both love and duty make him her protector. Thus Birthright, a novel otherwise unique, ends in the good old-fashioned way with Peter taking Cissie wholeheartedly into his arms, united by Mr. Stribling's conclusion that "Morals are nothing more than the engine controlling the stream of energy that propel a race on its course. All engines are not alike nor all races bound for the same port . . ."

One wishes that the author had been just a bit more old-fashioned and had disposed of Captain Renfrew. His entrance in the story had been too carefully prepared, the affection between him and Peter too strongly built up, for him to be dropped so unceremoniously at the climax. Peter, of course, was hopelessly stupid. He never suspected the truth in their relationship.

With the damaging exception of the hero and heroine, the characters are excellently drawn. Captain Renfrew, discreetly torn between his love for his mulatto son and his belief in the ordained inferiority of Negroes; old Rose, the Captain's cook, with her grumbling, her loyalty, her picturesque metaphors and flaky biscuits; Aunt Ca'line, with her second-hand clothes and spoiled food, her jealous, maternal love for Peter, and her keen perception of his educated patronizing of her; Jim Pink and Mr. Dawson Bobbs—all of them are still as true to the South as its cotton, slurred r's, and yams.

One cannot hold Mr. Stribling entirely responsible for his failure with Peter. The wider the education, the wider the breach between the races; the Southern white man does not know the cultured Negro. Mr. Stribling can give us the old Roses and the Tump Packs, with every wrinkle in sock and brow, because he knows the Negro domestic and the roustabout; but he fails with the educated young Negro because he sees him only at a distance. He recognizes the superficial differences between Jim Pink and Peter Siner: Peter speaks good English, wears good clothes, and, he suspects, has a daily bath, but the internal variations he seems unable to grasp. Every situation in which Peter is involved, I think, is true to such Southern villages as Hooker's Bend, but at the end of their cinematographic presentment, he is still strangely naïve. Though he had lived in the unsanitary town on the Tennessee River for about twenty years before he entered Harvard, he returns to it after four years as innocent as an embryo of such ugly things as racial antagonism and bad water; and leaves it in less than two months with a full-blown pseudo-scientific explanation of morals! If Mr. Stribling had prepared us for Peter's mental dénouement, perhaps we could accept him as a character and think what we would of his ethnic rambles. As it is we can only attribute this exposition of a double standard of morality for the races to Mr. Stribling. For *that* Mr. Stribling has prepared us; through the book he has been an interloper. His intrusion has not only made a puppet of materials intended for a man, but in the end has marred his novel by an unconvincing conclusion. Not even the academic atmosphere of Harvard could lead Peter to such an anthropological rationalization of conduct.

WORTH TUTTLE.

Monetary Reconstruction

Monetary Reconstruction, by Carl Strover. Published by the Author, 133 W. Washington St., Chicago. $1.50.

IT is not often that an economic tract, modestly published by the author, can create a vivid impression upon minds worn smooth by the flood of economic books. Mr. Strover's essay is a brilliant exception. In ninety pages of simple, straightforward text he has presented as good a case as need be made for a currency of stable purchasing power, and a concrete plan which in point of practicability does not suffer in comparison with any other.

But the subject is not an interesting one? The money question is a closed issue, closed for all time by the adoption of the gold standard by all solvent nations? That, I think, is a shortsighted view. The gold standard is no doubt an improvement over the bimetallic confusion of the early nineteenth century. It is vastly superior to the fiat paper which is choking European commerce and industry. But considered in itself, it is not only enormously wasteful, but it is one of the most prolific sources of economic and social disorder. Our whole economic life is based upon contracts which run in terms of price. Price is the measure of all things economic; but gold price fluctuates remorselessly. We know how many pounds constitute a bushel of wheat, how many cubic inches constitute a gallon, but nobody knows how much purchasing power constitutes a dollar, our unit of purchasing power. It follows that every contractual relation that runs over any appreciable period of time is vitiated by this defect in the standard.

The value of the dollar shrinks and millions of lenders, savings bank depositors, policy holders are defrauded of what is justly theirs. Millions of workers find that it is increasingly difficult to make ends meet, and an epidemic of high cost of living strikes afflicts the nation. The value of the dollar increases, sucking the life blood out of the debtor—and in modern times the active spirits in industry are almost all debtors—insolvencies become epidemic; production slackens; unemployment sets in, with all its attendant agonies and evils. Is it conceivable that we shall forever content ourselves with such a disturbing ebb and flow of economic life? We shall have to put up with it until the mass of citizens begin to find such essays as Mr. Strover's interesting.

Mr. Strover's plan is simplicity itself. Substitute for the gold standard a standard of irredeemable legal tender paper. Immediately the reader's mind runs off along some such line of association as this: The Continental currency of our Revolutionary period; the currency of the Confederacy; the assignats of the French Revolution; the Russian ruble or Polish mark of today. Possibly he will concede that the British pound sterling of today is in fact irredeemable paper, yet not altogether a worthless currency, and in point of stability of purchasing power, not quite so bad a standard as our own gold. But whether one chooses horrible examples or examples not so very bad, this is the wrong track. All these ventures were in the field of fiat money, money whose value was created by exercise of the sovereign power of the state, and, what is of greater importance practically, created for the fiscal convenience of the state. There are thousands of instances of paper money issued with the purpose of covering the expenditures of the state; no bona fide instances of paper money issued for the purpose of systematically regulating the movement of general prices. Mr. Strover's plan limits the function of the sovereign state to the establishment of legal tender and the

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creation of an institution of currency control entirely independent of the legislature and the exigencies of the treasury.

According to this plan the control of the currency would be vested in a monetary commission of a non-political character. The commission would be governed in its action by the results of expert statistical investigation of wholesale prices. On a falling curve of prices the commission would issue more currency—enough to check the fall. On a rising curve it would retire currency. The ordinary mechanism by which it would issue currency would be in the purchase of government bonds, or other securities of stable value. Retirement of currency would be effected through sale of such securities. Mr. Strover admits an alternative method—retirement of currency through the impounding of taxation receipts, expansion through government expenditures. This, I think, is a tactical mistake. The separation of Treasury operations from the currency system needs to be absolute.

In putting such a plan into effect gold would have to be demonetized and government bonds based on gold would have to be readjusted to the new money. How this could be done is set forth very lucidly by Mr. Strover. It is worth noting that in the process of replacing gold with paper some billions of dollars of interest-bearing bonds would be drawn into the portfolios of the Commission. There would be very considerable sums of interest to be covered into the Treasury. As for the gold itself, most of it would go abroad, to serve as a medium of exchange for countries too lacking in political stability or economic common sense to follow our precedent.

But would not the adoption of such a plan throw our system of credit quite out of gear? There is no reason why it should. The new money would serve in bank reserves, just as gold does now. Bond secured circulation would become an anachronism. Mr. Strover makes no place for any kind of bank notes. If he had taken the space to work out credit questions at length, I think he would have seen the advisability of allowing for a bank circulation based on commercial assets. More elasticity is needed than centralized control would provide.

But this is an unimportant detail, among a host of others that will be worth discussing once the fundamental idea has attained to its legitimate place in public opinion. That idea is that human intelligence is quite as competent to devise a rational and stable standard of value as a rational standard of weights and measures, and that much more depends on the former standard than on the latter. It may be maintained that the present economic system is wholly perverse, not worth any effort toward improvement. Those whose believe otherwise cannot fail to recognize the evil that a fluctuating value standard works, nor can they with good grace refuse to consider well thought-out plans for removing the evil.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

Mr. Masefield and Racine

King Cole, by John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

Esther and Berenice, by John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.00.

IT would be unfair to take too seriously the two latest books of Mr. Masefield because neither makes any pretence of having been taken seriously by the author. The first is an amiable little fable for children made after the Cinderella formula and the second is a translation of Racine done "for the use of a little company of amateur players who wished to try their art in verse plays, yet found that of the many fine poetical plays in the English language, not many suited their needs." It would probably be beside the question to use these compositions as a text for severe criticism of the poet for the increasing looseness and carelessness of his style and for the increasingly childlike character of his moral themes. We should probably consider the author of The Everlasting Mercy and the sonnets in Good Friday as merely amusing himself with the literary divertissements of a comfortable middle age. It may be that he would only laugh at us for deploring much of his later work. No doubt Enslaved, for example, was as frankly a childish melodrama as his latest narrative piece is a fairy tale for children.

But it is a pity to read indifferent work by so good a poet. There are only a few brilliant spots in King Cole and almost none at all in the plays. In the first place, of course, Mr. Masefield was one of the worst people in the world to do Racine: thoroughly English both in the "careless rapture" of his emotional expression and in the vivid close-packed vigor of his style, he is especially unfitted for the psychological logic and the colorless eloquence of French tragedy. The result of his attempting to render it is a strange and depressing anomaly. Where he follows his author most carefully—though boiling down the long finespun developments to a few blunt and simple statements—he produces a feeble and tasteless texture unworthy both of Masefield and Racine—helped out here and there by the trumpet note of a familiar echo from Shakespeare which only goes to show how hard put to it the translator is for a style. And when he takes the bit in his teeth and runs away with his author altogether—as he does in the new second act which he interpolates in Esther and the choruses in the same play which he substitutes for the original ones—he bursts into Masefield again with such startling color and rapidity that these passages stand out against the rest like huge glaring variegated patches on a pale faded royal garment inappropriately converted into a shepherd's smock.

There is, in fact, a flavor of Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare about the whole proceeding. It does not matter so much with Esther, perhaps, which is inevitably rather a simple story; but Bérénice cannot stand being simplified: the personages are too sophisticated; it is a civilized, not a primitive, tragedy—a tragedy of the court; Racine's triumph is in making such a tragedy so profoundly significant and cruel. But in Masefield we have little more than a drama for marionettes.

These translations may, however, suggest to English readers that there is actually some sort of life in a celebrated writer whom they have usually considered hopeless. For the ordinary educated Anglo-Saxon Racine has been a vast frigid tomb planted stiffly in his college course and even the widely read among us have inclined to be sceptical of him. As Mr. Lytton Strachey says in his Landmarks of French Literature, English critics from Dryden to Arnold have conspired to give him a black eye. Not long ago, a writer in (I think) the Review flew into a perfect frenzy because Anatole France in Le Petit Pierre had compared Shakespeare's women unfavorably to Racine's. In Mr. Masefield's makeshift translations, the Anglo-Saxon may at least learn that there is a genuine poignancy of emotion behind that flawless marble façade; but it is rather rough and careless treatment for so adroit and careful a dramatist, so sensitive and dispassionate an observer and so perfect a master of his style.

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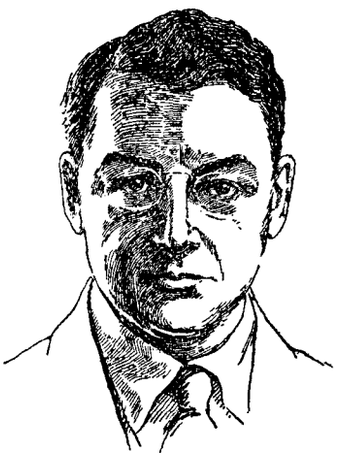

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The Psychic Health of Jesus, by Walter E. Bundy, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.00.

THE task which Mr. Bundy has undertaken is to disprove the charges of Soury, Binet-Sanglé, Rasmussen, de Loosten, Hirsh and others, who have held on the evidence of the four gospels that Jesus was psychically unsound. Aside from any consideration of the fruitlessness of attempting to prove either sanity or insanity on the meagre grounds of any literary or historical record, it is inevitable that this book should appear a work of supererogation: those who believe Jesus was, quite unfiguratively, the son of God, are not likely to be convinced by any amount of testimony that he was a paranoiac, or otherwise morbid; those who, on the other hand, are unable to believe in Jesus' divine origin will undoubtedly feel that his "pathographers" develop a strong case. Unfortunately for Mr. Bundy's painstaking labors, the second group are not likely to be converted by this book. It goes without saying that Mr. Bundy was convinced before he began to assemble his material that he should find Jesus sane. At any rate, one bids farewell to the hope of an impartial examination of evidence and an uninfluenced verdict when on p. 4 one reads: "Strauss' turn toward a pathological view of Jesus is to be best explained by the personal embitterment that he cherished in consequence of the unhappy fate that his first Leben Jesu brought down upon him."

Mr. Bundy makes his point by main force and not by persuasion. The fourth gospel he weeds out entire as historically worthless, and since the contentions of Binet-Sanglé and the writers who find Jesus paranoid depend for their material very largely on the Gospel of John, he has cleared a great part of his field by that one act. The cursing of the fig-tree "is apocryphal and legendary," and the decision that "such expressions as 'for my sake, for my name's sake, because of me,' etc., are to be eliminated . . . . these egocentric words should read for righteousness' sake, for the kingdom of God's sake, for the Son of Man's sake,' etc.," removes the disquieting element from the Synoptic gospels.

It is a little difficult to visualize Mr. Bundy's intended reader. Not the lay Christian, obviously, for aside from the fact that he would find the author as high-handed in his treatment of the Bible in many instances as the men he challenges, the Source code into which he falls continually must be incomprehensible to anyone who had not the advantage of being reared in a parsonage.

Contributors

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